OCT 24 19

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIV. No. 606. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 213
THE PRESIDENT, THE FARMERS AND CONGRESS 215
TORY EDUCATION. By C. E. M. Joad. . 215
PRODUCTION COMMITTEES. By G. D. H. Cole 216
STATE YOUTH. By Sagittarius . . . 217
A LONDON DIARY. By Harold J. Laski . 217
THIS ENGLAND 218
SOUND MINDS AND SOUND BODIES. By Harry Roberts 218
C.E.M.A. By Raymond Mortimer . . 219
TWO CONCERTS. By Edward Sackville West 220
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait. . 220
PLAYS AND PICTURES 220
CORRESPONDENCE 221
From E. G. Gooch; J. Stewart Cook; Fenner Brockway; Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence; The Countess of Listowel; Paul Einzig; Pamela Hinkson.
REVIEWS:
Abyssinia. By Freda White . . . 222
Questionnaire. By V. S. Pritchett Page 222
Tonic Mixture. By T. C. Worsley. . 223
Now. By G. W. Stonier 223
"The Last of the Romans." By Richard Jennings 224
The P.E.N. Shelter. By Stephen Spender 225
Shorter Notice 226
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 226
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 227

VOICES BEHIND THE GUNS

THE loudest voice during the week has been the thunder of the great guns pounding the Stalingrad front. But they have not altogether drowned the confused and persistent hum of the voices of politicians. The most strident was that of the Führer from the Berlin Sport Palast, threatening his enemies on all fronts, the Russians, Mr. Churchill, the Jews, Mr. Roosevelt, and last but not least the Germans. There was a note of caution in the Führer's violence. Wendell Willkie from Moscow reflects the anxiety and bitterness of a nation hard pressed and bearing, with little assistance, the bulk of the German attack. His call for a second front at the earliest moment only reiterates many statements made by the leaders of the United Nations. His phrase is carefully guarded by a reminder that a second front can only come when the military authorities find the moment ripe. If his statement has roused controversy and so upset a section of the British press that it even refused to mention it, it is because of his suggestion that some of the Allied generals may need "prodding." This we take to be Mr. Willkie's way of confirming the view that we, in this journal, have constantly expressed—that the lack of a second front must be attributed not only to the real technical difficulties, but also to a lack of decision and clarity of purpose in the strategy of the United Nations. Mr. Willkie knows that a second front cannot be launched at a week's notice because of political demand, but perhaps fears that it may not be effectively launched even next Spring unless the demand for it to-day is constant and vigorous. Some guns might never go off at all unless there were very persistent voices behind them. A year hence, as he says, it may be too late.

There have been other voices just loud enough to catch the attentive ear. Mr. Eden, in a careful and diplomatic speech in which emphasis on the war to-day and on the post-war situation were nicely balanced, paid due tribute to everyone in turn, promised that the peace should this time finish the job and spoke of a revolutionary change that was going on during the war. There are revolutions and revolutions, and we are not sure of what revolution Mr. Eden was speaking, nor from his speech can we clearly judge what kind of post-war settlement he has in mind. There is much in his speech that is good, but nothing definite. Caution, no doubt, is always necessary for a Foreign Secretary, and particularly when the future is uncertain, but one definite and concrete promise to the ordinary man, one positive pledge that we shall not again attempt to set up the rickety structure of sovereign states which collapsed in 1939, and any practical assurance of a real plan to ensure freedom from want and unemployment, would be worth many vague and well-meaning statements. Mr. Morrison, speaking on the same day in Manchester, was more definite about the disaster that must follow if we return to economic "anarchy, poverty, social disorder and insecurity" after the war.

On Saturday, too, England heard the voice of progressive Christianity from the Albert Hall. Dr. Temple had much to say, which, coming from an Archbishop, was remarkable. He spoke of the "broken fellowship of our society—what Disraeli called the two nations." He urged that a society must disintegrate if the profit motive predominate in it, that the community's interests must come first in employing the use of the land and the natural resources of the country. He wanted to control the banks; perhaps the Archbishop had in mind an international currency such as wise men in America and Britain have recently discussed. His speech fell short of Socialism, but like the speech of Sir Stafford Cripps that followed, it was an effort to reinvigorate the Church by providing the social content which it has long lacked. Dr. Garbett, the Archbishop of York, was a little more definite and for that reason a little more effective. He saw in the Uthwatt Report and in a scheme of decently planned housing the basis for economic reconstruction. Stafford Cripps had left a long way behind him the theoretical and uncompromising socialist who used to address the Popular Front a few years ago. He, too, dwells now in the realms where uplift and phrases about social justice are to revivify the Christian faith. How significant is a meeting like this? That the leaders of Christianity have moved so far in their demand for social change is a sign that they are aware of an almost universal popular demand. They see a danger that the two great materialist creeds of our age, Fascism, which would create a class and military nationalism by force and propaganda, and Communism, which would produce economic equality by violent revolution, may, one and the other, capture the enthusiasm of youth in every country and meet in a desperate and prolonged conflict. They seek to prevent this by reviving the dynamic of Christianity. There are two grave difficulties. The first is that a large percentage of those to whom we wish to offer freedom from fear and want are not even nominally within the Christian faith. The vast majority of the population of the United Nations, which includes India, China and the huge colonial estates of Britain, belong to other religious communities. Secondly, within a nominally Christian country like England, the prestige of the Church as a social force has fallen so low that nothing less than specific deeds will serve to revive the reality of faith. Many times before religious leaders have talked of social change and, when the test came, were found on the side of the *status quo*. To-day, if the speakers at the Albert Hall, who include the two leaders of the English Church and a member of the British War Cabinet, are to have any chance of leadership in the future they must decisively put their weight behind some specific social change during the war, and not be content to talk about what is to happen after it.

What Americans Believe

The action of the Canadian authorities has put an end to Mr. Theodore Dreiser's lectures in the Dominion, after the publication of his astonishing attack on British policy. Omitting the grosser and more offensive details, the gist of it was that he accused us of an unqualified national egoism, and declared that we rely on others to do our fighting for us. Mr. Dreiser may not be regarded with any deep respect in his own country, but he is one of the most successful of American writers, and has to his credit one novel which some critics mistook for a classic. He may now be a mere echo, conscious or unconscious, of Dr. Goebbels, but it is to be feared that what he says is what great numbers of Americans have come to think. For this the reticence of our news service is

largely to blame: Americans are not used to understatement. Because our official telegrams, in reporting the fighting in Libya or in Greece, invariably gave full credit to the exploits of Dominion troops and Indians, even the most friendly of American newspaper readers came to believe that no British troops were engaged in these campaigns. The result is that they suppose that our whole army is still retained at home. The Navy has become, more than ever, the silent service since we ceased to publish figures about the incessant Battle of the Atlantic. While the doings of the R.A.F. are fully publicised, we should doubt whether many Americans have even the dimmest notion of the numbers of this arm, or of the casualties in its combatant ranks. We are well aware that figures cannot be published which would help the enemy. But surely, with a little ingenuity, a survey could be made which would dissipate the poisonous suspicions on which Dr. Goebbels trades. Americans could be made to realise that we have mobilised for the combatant services a very much higher proportion of our population than they have done or contemplate doing, and that at sea, in the air and abroad, millions are daily facing death. Once or twice official statements have been made to this effect, but once or twice is not enough, nor was it ever done in a way that compelled attention and remained in the memory. Americans are accustomed to the vivid and picturesque presentation of figures. Unless we do this, the same kind of dislike and suspicion will grow up in America as prevailed in France before the collapse.

The Indian Muslims

A dramatic answer has come to Mr. Churchill's claim that ninety millions of Indian Muslims are opposed to the demands of Congress. As a protest against the Prime Minister's speech, the Muslim premier of Sind, Khan Bahadur Allah-baksh has renounced his titles, much as M. Herriot resigned the other day from the Legion of Honour. This he did after making a pronouncement in which he said that "Mr. Churchill's statement confirms the belief that the British Government had at no time any desire to part with power." He went on to affirm his demand for "immediate independence," declared that "repression is no solution," and foresaw, failing a better understanding of India's aspirations, "catastrophe impending." Where are these ninety millions on whom Mr. Churchill relies? Four provinces have a Muslim majority. The premier of Sind has spoken. The premier of Bengal, Mr. Fazlul-Huq, is engaged in recruiting a "Progressive Muslim League" to rival Mr. Jinnah's conservative organisation. The North-West Frontier Province, though almost solidly Muslim, had a Congress Ministry, and its ministers are now presumably under detention or arrest. There remains only the Punjab, whose cautious but popular premier, Sir Muhammad Hyat Khan, cannot be reckoned a supporter of Mr. Jinnah, though he will not openly oppose him. On the evidence, Muslim opinion, though it condemns the resort of Congress to open revolt, is with it in its demand for a national government, and feels itself hardly less opposed to British policy.

Mr. Morrison and Socialism

Among the Labour leaders Mr. Herbert Morrison, when he can forget how much he dislikes the Communists, makes much the most constructive appeals. Mr. Morrison's great strength is that he has always distrusted the kind of semi-socialism which aims at social security by improving the social services without insisting on a parallel and simultaneous change in the ordering of production. He has long been aware that the people, if it is to live better, must produce more, and that there is no way of providing security except by making an end of mass-unemployment. Accordingly Mr. Morrison's Socialism does take the form of a frontal attack on monopoly and inefficiency, and of a demand for the construction of an economic order capable of guaranteeing full employment. He is sometimes led on to talk of these needs in a tone of voice which suggests that he does not set so much store by democracy as by efficiency; but this is rather a slip of the tongue than a clue to his essential thought. His speech last week-end was the best that has been given us for a long time from the Labour side. What rouses speculation is the question of what really divides Mr. Morrison's conception of constructive Socialism from the non-party social doctrine advocated by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Stafford Cripps. In the short run, not a great deal, we are disposed to think; for in practice there are a great many branches of industry which Mr. Morrison would be in no hurry to socialise, and the Archbishop's demand for a frontal attack on monopoly and a generous measure of planned economic control might well come, in the short run, to something not very different from Mr. Morrison's practical Socialism. In the long run the two creeds would doubtless diverge, and from the first their phrasing would be very different. But if Mr. Morrison's attitude were that of the Labour Party leadership as a whole, there would be a greatly improved prospect of a popular line-up behind a progressive policy which would isolate the vested interests and give us real planning for plenty in the post-war world.

Coal

The revelations about the already wide gap between current production and consumption of coal have not in any way convinced the leading opponents of fuel rationing, who remain as set as ever against a compulsory scheme. We are faced accordingly with further makeshifts—the ban on central heating for this month in flats and large houses, and the request to the public not to use fuel for room-heating only until November. These are obvious makeshifts because they are bound to operate so unevenly—if they operate at all. The exceptions to the central heating order will have to be pretty numerous to cover cases where central heat is the only form of supply; and it will be difficult to induce households which cook by gas or electricity to freeze while their neighbours keep warm by the kitchen fire. The plain truth is that if there is not enough coal to go round, we must either have rationing, or get most of the economy out of the industrial and commercial users of fuel. The opponents of rationing have now joined Mr. Grenfell in demanding the release of miners from the armed forces, at any rate over the present winter. It seems clear to the outsider that this release ought to be arranged. It is generally admitted that it will take months for the measures of colliery reorganisation to produce any appreciable effect; and the same applies to the new arrangements for attracting boys into the industry. Over the present winter, at any rate, we have to rely on the present labour force, *plus* skilled men who can be released from the Army to help. Only next summer shall we be able to tell whether the half-measures of reorganisation have been successful enough to prevent a renewed shortage the following winter. All this is as unsatisfactory as it well could be; but there it is. We are now reaping the reward of the really astonishing muddle we have made of the fuel problem ever since the outbreak of war. The weather is not being helpful, either; but it wouldn't be.

Cotton

The cotton operatives—both spinning and weaving sections—have now joined the queue of applicants for advances in wages. They are a badly paid group, with a strong case. Their previous application was rejected last April; but it is difficult to see how they can be refused something now. The engineering Unions are still arguing with the employers about their claims, the cost of which would be heavy, though it has been grotesquely over-estimated in a number of press references. The railwaymen's claims have gone to arbitration; and the case of the women in the munitions factories is awaiting a decision. The discussions about wage-stabilisation have been resumed. But there is still no sign that the Trade Unions are prepared to accept, or the employers as a group to press for, any general wage policy. The truth is that the attempt to apply such a policy, at the present stage, would probably mean more levelling up of the worse-paid sections than either employers or Government feel at all disposed to face. It probably always looks easier to concede some wage-advances where they are demanded strongly and then, or after a brief interval, perhaps, to cancel their effect by letting the cost of living rise to the extent that seems practicable without causing widespread hardship. This policy, or lack of one, will doubtless mean a further crop of wage-applications some time in the coming year; but in the meantime the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have been able to carry on. Such a situation is entirely unsatisfactory; but the plain fact is that wage-stabilisation cannot be enforced without being accompanied by drastic control over other types of income, and that the Government is simply not prepared to face.

A Shadow League

The London International Assembly made its first public appearance on Monday. It has been meeting for a year in private, and this occasion was an anniversary celebration in the Goldsmith's Hall. The Assembly is a gathering of Allied, Dominion, Indian, and British people interested in post-war planning. Lord Cecil is its chairman, and many of the members are ministers of the "Free" governments; but as they meet unofficially to exchange views on specific problems they publish no records. As M. Zaleski, the President of the Polish Civil Chancery, observed with point on Monday, it is far easier to make progress in unofficial than in official discussions. The Assembly prepares reports on such topics as nutrition for occupied countries, trial of war criminals, economic reconstruction, and security. It serves a useful purpose. Men who escape nowadays from the vast concentration camp which is Europe point out that the conquered nations cannot plan for the future: they have no free press, and no public meetings; they can and do circulate clandestine pamphlets and listen to the B.B.C., but they cannot meet even by twos and threes for fear of the Gestapo. They look to their countrymen in exile to plan ahead; they alone can exchange views internationally. It is, therefore, in a body like this Assembly that the foundations of a new Europe may be laid.

Black Record

On July 4 we published a statement which had appeared previously in *Reynold's News* that Lord Vansittart's *Black Record* had been translated into German and widely distributed by Dr. Goebbels. We were informed that this statement was based on the most trustworthy authority, and it is admitted that Lord Vansittart's name has been used in German propaganda in order to counteract the effect of the promises of the Atlantic Charter. Extracts, garbled and otherwise, from *Black Record* have been published in Germany. But our statement that *Black Record* has been translated as a whole and widely distributed in Germany has been challenged, and our inquiries have not provided any confirmation. We therefore think it right to withdraw the statement and apologise to Lord Vansittart. This does not in any way modify our views about the harm done by his book; our case against it has never rested on its publication in Germany. But we understand that Lord Vansittart feels that he has been unfairly treated in this matter and we willingly withdraw.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.
CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; *Foreign*, 1d.; *Canada*, 1d.

THE PRESIDENT, THE FARMERS AND CONGRESS

HISTORY cannot repeat itself: the whole context of a past event never can return. None the less, with a wholly different accompaniment, in another key, a jarring tune that we have heard before may offend our apprehensive ears twenty years after its first discordant appearance. That is why the signs of a coming clash between Congress and Mr. Roosevelt are peculiarly unwelcome to those of us who are old enough to remember the last war. Probably we take them too seriously. This President is a very different man from Mr. Wilson. He has the tact, geniality and humanity which the other lacked, and when interested groups in Congress are petty and obstructive, he usually knows how to rally the common man and the average elector to his side. Few rulers of his stature have been so little disposed to play the dictator. But events may be driving him to assert himself in a way which he would be the first to regret, and it is unlucky that this should happen on the eve of the mid-term elections. Should they turn against him, he may find himself hampered during the latter half of his presidency by a jealous and hostile Congress which might become an obstacle to his leadership in the economic aspects of the war effort.

The details of this controversy are highly technical, but in outline it is not difficult to grasp. For many months economists have been warning against the perils of inflation. The President followed his customary tactics, which often distress the quicker-witted of his followers; that is to say, he held his hand with great patience, perhaps with excessive patience, until he judged that public opinion would follow him, if he were driven to take strong action. During the two and a half years of peace before Pearl Harbour, the activity of the defence industries had brought about an immense boom in trade, with a rising volume of employment and purchasing power, and eventually with a rising level of wage rates: prices of strategical materials rose rapidly and steeply and the cost of living steadily, if slowly. After Pearl Harbour, the diversion of industry to war work started at a new tempo, but the familiar means of checking the demand of the prosperous civilian consumer for a dwindling volume of goods were adopted on a manifestly inadequate scale. Few things were rationed: taxation, though high, was far below the British level; nor did saving, with compulsory devices ruled out, play anything like the same part as a brake. The rising cost of living made an unanswerable case for the raising of wage rates and the dreaded spiral twisted upwards, potent and visible. Congress, in the face of this peril, has been dilatory and timid. It will not tolerate compulsory saving in any form and the total tax revenue it is prepared to raise is estimated by the Treasury to be $15,000 millions short of what is necessary. But the gravest of several clashes has come over the control of farm prices. This it was that chiefly moved the President to threaten that he would use his emergency powers to legislate, unless Congress had by October 1 passed a satisfactory Bill fixing a "ceiling" for prices, wages and salaries.

The chief trouble comes from the "farm block" which is bent on profiteering. There is this excuse for the farmers, that in the last world slump their prices fell to catastrophic depths: to-day they argue that their chance has come to make a gain that will balance those old losses. The policy of the New Deal has been to maintain a parity between farm prices and industrial prices based on the average of the period between 1909 and 1914. It is notorious that in times of slump farm prices drop out of all proportion to industrial prices, because farmers are much less able than industrialists to maintain their prices by limiting their output. But the New Deal had in its early years redressed this inequality. The raising of farm prices may at times be inevitable, but it is a clumsy method for assisting the farmer. The gain goes largely to the dealer, the distributor and the banker, and in the South to the landowner who exploits the depressed share-croppers. The more farmers rely on this crude method, the less likely is it that constructive remedies will be applied to tackle the real causes of the evil—the deplorable system of land tenure prevalent in the South, soil erosion, the lack of capital and credit and the obstacles that render combination among tenants and labourers difficult. The President estimates that the total income of farmers has already risen since September 1939 by 75 per cent. Congress in this situation has tried to compromise, but though it has not given the farmers all they asked, its Bill threatens a further rise of at least 5 per cent. in the cost of living, and consequently another upward twist in the spiral of inflation. Conceivably the President may have to veto this Bill, and use his emergency powers to substitute for it legislation by decree—a bold but not unprecedented use of his war-time powers as commander-in-chief. But to do this on the eve of the election of a new House of Representatives is a risk which he will be slow to take and some compromise may still be possible.

The outlook for these elections is not promising. An effort has been made by the progressives to eliminate the worst of the reactionaries of both parties. The *New Republic* has published a record of the votes cast in Congress on ten outstanding issues of foreign and also of domestic policy. It was hoped that by this exposure the more decided isolationists and the more resolute opponents of the New Deal might be defeated in the primary elections—those, that is to say, in which each party chooses its candidate. The result has been disappointing. In almost every instance the local "machine" has carried its man—even when, as in one notorious case, he had been linked with openly pro-Nazi organisations and involved in questionable financial dealings. The vote in the mid-term elections is always smaller than in presidential elections and it is the Republican machine which commonly profits. This year the drop in the labour vote, due to the absence of so many of the younger men and women on war work, will aggravate this normal tendency. It is likely, then, that the Republicans will gain (as the straw-polls predict) a fair number of seats. There will still be a Democratic majority, albeit reduced. But, given the conservative views of the Southern Democrats, whose seats are always safe, will there be an adequate majority either for the New Deal at home or for a generous international policy abroad? That question is bound to present itself as we look ahead. In times of boom the short-sighted elector is apt to forget the case for planning and control. But this President is a sagacious and resourceful leader. With some confidence we look to him to avoid the misfortune that befell Mr. Wilson.

TORY EDUCATION

THE recommendations of the two interim reports of the Conservative Sub-committee on Education have evoked a storm of comment and criticism, and I shall assume that they are familiar to most readers. Attention has been focused on the plan for the conscription of all young people between the ages of 14–18 into a Federation of Youth, because of its disconcerting resemblance to the Hitler Youth Movement. But the principles of education set out in the main report are no less remarkable. They include a denunciation of individualism, an insistence upon the development of "a strong sense of national obligation in the individual citizen" and the encouragement of "an ardent understanding of the State's needs" as "the primary duty of national education"; a definition of the "necessary first task of national education" as the translation of the natural wish for strong and wise leaders "into a national ideal—into the ideal of the nation as a leader among the nations—with which every child can identify his own future"; the assertion that religion "needs to be conceived, politically and administratively in general terms as a basic and vital element in the national life, to be deliberately encouraged and fostered" with the corollary that effective religious instruction can be given only by teachers who are themselves imbued with religious beliefs; the repudiation of the notion that "'the healthy and happy life' of the whole man, body, mind and spirit" is "the objective of education" and the acceptance of "disease, disablement, pain, death, inherited defects, limited capacities, misfortune, unhappiness and the sense of guilt or sin" as "a necessary part of every man's life," to face and overcome which it must be "a prime object of education to fit the child," leading to the conclusion that character training must aim at the ideal of the "tough" as well as that of the "good." Prolegomena to toughness are "the bold qualities of adventurousness, initiative, enjoyment of difficulty and danger, the fighting spirit—in a word grit" plus "the self-discipline acquired through submission to discipline, and the desire to find salvation from selfishness" (I think—although, as the territory is strange to me, I offer the emendation with diffidence—that the word "unselfishness" is meant) "in service."

There is much more in the same vein, but enough has been said to indicate the tenor of the whole. Life is real and earnest, man is weak and wicked, this world is a vale of tears and suffering, existence in it is bound to be pretty unpleasant, the world after the war will be precarious and menacing and it is only if leaders are bold and tough and followers disciplined and obedient that we are likely to survive in it. This being so, we ought to be very grateful to the State for being the State that it in fact is, and owe it formidable obligations; obligations which must be sedulously rubbed into us when we are young and malleable, so that we shall not forget them when we grow up, and fall into the error of thinking that our lives are indeed ours to live them as we please, and not the State's, to be lived as the State pleases.

Such, in general, is the impression that the Reports leave on the mind. I have sketched it tendentiously and am aware that my summary bears the marks of prejudice, but I cannot help it. The Reports seem to me to imply a denial of most that I hold to be right in politics and sound in morals, and a reversal of what I have always believed to be progress in both. Most of those with whom I have discussed the Reports confess that they too have bristled. What is it in them that has raised such a dust of emotional disquietude? Why, for example, should a young W.E.A. tutor whose origins are working class feel moved to remark that "the Report brings out into the open the fears which every politically conscious working-class boy holds in his heart, precisely because it brings out into the open the principles which underlie the class organisation of society." A good point that, I thought. These principles, one suspects, have always lain at the root of the governing class attitude to education, but it is not the way of the governing class to make explicit the intimations by which they are moved. They don't, in other words, except under duress, rationalise their celebrated political instinct, partly, no doubt, because, as one Report rather naïvely puts it, "of a half conscious fear that the man in the street will think it" (that is to say, what the authors conceive to be the task of education) "to be somehow undemocratic or contrary to the blessed slogan of 'equality of opportunity,'" partly because they are not as a rule very articulate. But here at last, for the first time for half a century, the educational principles of an inegalitarian society are set plainly forth. "This Report," my friend added, "is at least the work of honest men."

I can most easily indicate my own grounds for disquietude by a series of questions. First, who or what is the State that the child should so regard and be obligated to it? A mystic entity, conceived on Hegelian lines, with a personality of its own which is more than, and more important than, the sum total of the individual citizens who compose it? It sounds precious like it. We know these national States with their symbolical

personifications, La France, the Fatherland, Britannia, Uncle Sam, and the rest, know too how their rivalries and quarrels have bedevilled Europe and brought civilisation to the verge of destruction. Yet they own, I suggest, no reality save by virtue of men's belief in them. They represent a particular phase in the development of society—in the Middle Ages men thought in terms of departments, cantons, provinces, which focused loyalties as States do to-day, and laid similar claims to obligations and service; one remembers the difficulty St. Joan experienced in bringing her soldiers to comprehend the conception of the nation France. The phase is, in the opinion of many, drawing to its close, which means that the State has out-lived its function and must be superseded by some more embracing form of organisation conceived on international or, it may be, on Federal lines, if we are ever again to have peace in the world. The world to-day has grown too small to harbour a congeries of sovereign, self-sufficient, national States, all aspiring to leadership. The fact that it is desperately trying to maintain itself in a world that has outgrown it is one of the reasons why the modern State has become an oppressive tyrant. I agree with Wells that "the whole intellectual life of man revolts against this intolerable, suffocating, murderous nuisance, the obsolescent, national State." Yet here, apparently, is an attempt to perpetuate the conception of the nation-State for all time by enlisting the enthusiasm of the young on its behalf and disciplining them in the service of its needs.

At this point a further question suggests itself. What sort of State is this which is deemed to be entitled to use education "to enlist" on its behalf "the enthusiasm of the young"? The answer is that it is, in the view of many of us, a grossly inequitable State which rewards its citizens in inverse proportion to their services, and in which the luxury and ostentation of the few outrage the misery and indigence of the many; a State which manages its affairs so ill that, though one of the richest in the world, it condemns over two millions of its citizens to rot in the idleness of unemployment. The State in short, as we know it, is a standing embodiment of social injustice and a gross mismanager of its domestic housekeeping. Why is it so? Many of us think that it is so because it is tied to an obsolete economic system; we also think that one of the main obstacles to the supersession of that system is the privileged position of the class that benefits from it, which, as it happens, is also the class which is thrown up into positions of leadership by virtue of its enjoyment of educational privilege. It is to this class, to the social system which maintains and indulges it, to the educational establishments from which it is recruited and to the State by which it is privileged and in which it governs, that the Reports would engender loyalty and prescribe obligation. In a word, it would perpetuate the injustices of Capitalism by shaping the minds of the young to fit into the capitalist mould. Catch 'em young, in fact, pitchfork 'em into a single State-controlled youth organisation, pump into 'em the right ideas, give 'em no chance to come into contact with any other ideas and no energy to assimilate them if they did, and you will have 'em just where you want 'em. "Nothing could be further from our intention," I hear the writers of the Reports saying. Possibly not, but that nevertheless will, we insist, be the effect of a compulsory Federation of Youth, drawing its leaders from the Public Schools, and an educational scheme which prescribes one kind of education for the leaders and another for the led, and you are either very innocent not to see it, or very disingenuous if, seeing it, you pretend that nothing is further from your thoughts.

A third question: Has not all this talk about developing "a strong sense of national obligation," encouraging "an ardent understanding of the State's needs," cultivating tough leaders in order that England may play the part of "a leader among the nations" a familiar smell? Haven't we smelt it somewhere before?

"The chief aim of education is physical fitness and preparation for national defence . . . by means of obedience and subjection to the will of the Leader, which must be expressed by the teacher." That is Hitler speaking. The object of education must be "to produce the political man who in all his thoughts and actions is rooted in his nation and inseparably attached to its history and its faith." That is Dr. Frick. "We must make each child understand the historic mission of Germany, which is to rule. The job of education is to engender a spirit of obligation to that mission and a sense of the responsibility it brings." That is Dr. Goebbels.

A further question: Is it really the case, as the Reports imply, that it is the State's business to restore to religion its "primitive function as the protector of the whole community's will to survive?" Of course if that *is* the function of religion, then the State may well be entitled to insist that religion be taught and may well hope that those who teach it shall believe what they teach. But is it? Assuming that it is, the Reports are right to envisage the imposition of religious dogma upon the taught and to demand a guarantee of religious orthodoxy from the teachers.

They justify this demand by claiming a large measure of agreement among the religious denominations. I doubt the agreement, and in its absence cannot deny myself the pleasure of putting the question, "What, then, is the orthodoxy that you would teach, Anglicanism, Catholicism, Unitarianism . . . ?" The answer is not clear. I find it difficult not to see in this proposal an attempt to revive a claim often made in the past on the part of a secular authority to prescribe spiritual beliefs, the claim, in fact, of the powers of this world to dictate man's relation to the next. We had thought that this claim had been defeated once for all, and may well feel suspicious of a proposal to take advantage of the religious indifference of the contemporary adult to impose the shackles of religious dogma upon the young.

A final question on gloom! Is it really true that man is born to misery in quite so disastrous a sense as the Reports suggest? No doubt we are subject to misfortune and are having a pretty thin time at the moment. But why is it wrong to wish to be happy and to try to be as happy as we can? Why is it even wrong to set up "the healthy and happy life of the whole man, body, mind and spirit as the objective of education"? For my part, I should maintain against the Reports that, though happiness is not, in fact, the sole human good, it is the only one of which the State can take cognisance, and I know no better conception of the function of the State than that which regards it as the establisher and guarantor of those conditions in which a happy life can be lived by every citizen according to his individual lights. It seems to me nonsense, in view of the advance of medical science and psychology, to say that we must accept disease, disablement and pain as necessary parts of man's life, and train ourselves, therefore, to face and endure them. It seems to me to be wicked nonsense to suggest that in the world after the war the same old nations will still be engaged in the same old struggle for survival, and that, therefore, the qualities which confer advantage in that struggle, the qualities of the gangster and the adventurer, are the chief virtues which education should endeavour to inculcate. In a world of savages no doubt they are. But in a world of civilised men . . . ? If that *is* all the world after the war holds in store for us, why struggle to win through to it? Are we fighting to establish a world in which fighting is the inevitable concomitant of a nation's life and efficiency in slaughter the chief virtue of its citizens?

C. E. M. JOAD

Before You Move!

The demand for this paper greatly exceeds the supply. If you are moving make sure of your copy in the new district before cancelling your order in the old. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PRODUCTION COMMITTEES

THERE has now been some experience of the working of Production Committees in the war factories. Although most of the Committees are still only a few months old, and their success and influence differ very much from one establishment to another, there can be no doubt that they have been a very useful addition to the wartime machinery for the increase of production. They have worked best, naturally, where the Trade Unions are strong, and where they were preceded by vigorous Shop Stewards' Committees formed without official sanction. They have worked worst where there has been no Trade Union tradition to build on, or where they are not in harmony with the Shop Stewards' organisation—or, of course, where the management, after opposing their creation, has done its best to obstruct their activities.

It is necessary to be clear about the relations between the Production Committees and the Shop Stewards. The two are formally quite distinct. The Production Committees are *joint* committees, representing on the one side the manual workers in a factory, and on the other the management. The workers' representatives are elected by a ballot vote, with very severe restrictions on who may stand. In general, no one with less than two years' service *in the factory* is eligible for election, though this principle has had to be given up in the case of new factories, and has been modified in some others by agreement between the two sides. Where it is insisted on, the effect is often highly unfortunate. There has been, under war conditions, so much enforced movement from factory to factory that many of the best workers are disqualified; and in a great number of cases the rule involves the disqualification of all the women employed. There is accordingly much dissatisfaction over this clause of the agreement, which was inserted by the Trade Unions presumably with the object of preventing the capture of the Committees by newcomers to the industry, with no tradition of association with the Unions concerned. There is also dissatisfaction over the rule that no one under the age of 21 may vote, as this disqualifies a large number of young men and women who are doing fully adult work. The voting age ought surely to be reduced to 18.

Another cause of serious dissatisfaction is that the composition of the Committees practically excludes the technical workers from representation. In a few cases, where the technicians are organised in the Association of Scientific Workers or in other bodies, they have claimed the right for their members to stand and vote. But in the great majority of factories, the technicians have to appear on the Committees as representatives of the management, or not at all. They are apt not to be appointed as managerial representatives unless they are very high up in the hierarchy; and in any case some of them dislike this status. It would surely be preferable to give the technical workers an independent status on the Committees, with the right to choose their own representatives; and the same principle could be applied to the foremen and charge-hands, who are also apt to get left out. These latter do indeed appear, on the managerial side, where there are shop sub-committees in addition to the main Production Committee; but this arrangement does not seem to be common.

The Shop Stewards' Committees, which exist in most considerable works side by side with the Production Committees, are purely workers' bodies, with no managerial representation. They are usually made up of stewards elected separately by the members of the various Unions in the factory, and are recognised by their Unions. This, incidentally, differentiates them from many of the Shop Stewards' Committees which developed during the last war; for these were often unofficial, and included many stewards who were not recognised by any Trade Union. Since then, the Unions have learnt the necessity of giving shop stewards a fuller place in Union

machinery, and of making use of Shop Stewards' Committees as auxiliaries to the district and national bodies for collective bargaining.

The Shop Stewards' Committee, which may have its own sub-committees for particular shops or departments, does not cease to exist where a Production Committee is brought into being. Far from it. The two bodies have, at any rate in theory, quite distinct functions. It is out of order for Production Committees to deal with any matters which fall within the scope of collective bargaining between the employers and the Trade Unions. These, as far as they affect the particular factory, fall within the jurisdiction of the Shop Stewards' Committee which, if it cannot get them settled by discussion with the management, must refer them to the district machinery of the Trade Unions concerned. Thus, all questions of wages and earnings, hours of labour, and such conditions of employment as are covered by Trade Union agreements fall outside the scope of the Production Committees, which are directed to deal only with methods of increasing output or improving its quality. The official directions to the Production Committees instruct them to deal with such questions as the full utilisation of machines, the elimination of spoilt work and waste, the development of safety precautions, and the general question of efficiency in production.

Inevitably, difficulties arise over the lines of demarcation between the two bodies. In particular, many managements have tried to use the Production Committees as means of dealing with absenteeism and bad time-keeping. The workers, however, contend that this is an improper use of the joint machinery, and that all such cases ought to be referred to the shop stewards, who will then adopt their own ways of dealing with slackers, including, where necessary, recommendation that prosecutions be instituted by the Ministry of Labour. Piece-work prices are another border-line issue, as they may greatly affect production, particularly where there is a fear that prices may be cut if the workers show large increases in output. Here again the shop stewards contend that, as the question falls within the scope of regular collective bargaining, it belongs to the Shop Stewards' Committee.

In practice there is a good deal of elasticity, and the thing works out very differently in different establishments. Where the shop stewards are strong, they usually dominate the workers' side of the Production Committee, and to a large extent prepare its agenda in their own separate meetings—though, of course, the management also have the right to put down matters for discussion. Where relations are good it generally does not make much difference whether a question is thrashed out in the Shop Stewards' Committee and subsequently in discussion between representatives of the shop stewards and the management, or in the Production Committee. Where relations are bad, there are more likely to be squabbles about such issues.

In general, the line of demarcation between the two bodies is based on an ancient quarrel between the employers and the Trade Unions in the engineering industry. Ever since the Amalgamated Society of Engineers were founded, in 1851, the two sides have been conducting a running dispute over the question of "managerial functions" and the right of the Unions to interfere with employers in what they regard as the running of their works. This was a principal issue in the great engineering dispute of 1897. It cropped up again and again during the last war; and it was the main matter at stake in the lock-out of 1922. It raises, of course, the entire issue of "workers' control"; and one great reason for the enthusiasm with which the A.E.U.'s members have welcomed the Production Committees is that they do break down the ban on Trade Union intervention in questions of "management." Equally, this is why many employers were very reluctant to agree to their establishment, and did so only when their hands were forced by the sheer necessity of securing the full collaboration of the skilled men. Many managers of the old school try to limit the scope of the Production Committees even to-day. They fear that the wedge of "joint control," inserted under war conditions, will not be easy to remove when peace returns.

It was removed, without much difficulty, after the last war. But then it had no real Trade Union backing behind it, on account of the persistent conflict between the shop stewards' movement and the Trade Union leaders; nor had it the same State sanction as it has gained during the present war. However, the main reason for its collapse after 1918 was the demobilisation of the war workers under conditions of widespread unemployment. It was an easy matter to dismiss those who had been active in the shop stewards' movement, and exceedingly dangerous for a workman to be an active shop steward and to keep his job. What happens to the movement at the end of the present war will depend mainly on the extent to which the industry remains under public control and on the prevalence of unemployment in the trades expanded for war production.

It will also depend on the attitude of the Trade Unions. Though, as we have seen, the engineering Unions have advanced some distance since the last war in their attitude to shop stewards, and even to Shop Stewards' Committees in particular factories, there is still much suspicion of attempts on the part of the stewards to combine over a wider field. The Shop Stewards' National Council remains an unofficial body, much keener on working with the Unions than they are on working with it; and many Trade Union leaders look askance at a movement which they know the Communist Party to have done all it can to foster—and to control. For the present, these conflicts remain latent, because the Communists, in their zeal for high output, are anxious to avoid quarrelling either with Trade Union leaders or with employers, and are indeed the "good boys" of war production. But no one can tell how long this situation will last, or what will happen when the return of peace destroys the existing basis of collaboration.

It does, however, seem probable that the "workers' control" movement will be harder to kill this time than it was after 1918, especially if the State, after this war, follows a policy designed to ensure "full employment." For one thing, the effects of the war itself on industrial technique are likely to be much greater than they were last time; and the promised "restoration of Trade Union practices" will therefore involve much greater difficulties. Straight restoration will be in many instances quite unworkable; and it will be necessary to work out permanent new adjustments based on a changed relation between the skilled setters and tool-room operatives and the main body of machine-minders in the shops—including women as well as men, for women have penetrated much more deeply into engineering processes than they did in the last war. The opening of the A.E.U.'s ranks to women is a significant indication that the Unions are realising the magnitude of their coming problems; and in the adjustments that will have to be made, "workers' control" and "managerial functions" are likely to rank as important issues. In the meantime, the longer the war lasts the more important both Shop Stewards and Production Committees are likely to become; and, if the Production Minister's still inchoate regional machinery ever comes into effective existence, its effect should be to increase their power. For the moment, things are quiet on the production front; but this matter of the real status of Mr. Lyttelton's regional organisation seems likely to be the next issue that will bring the shop stewards' movement and the Production Committees right into the middle of the picture.

G. D. H. COLE

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD
PAPER

STATE YOUTH

(After Lord Tennyson.)

["The primary duty of national education is . . . to encourage in the individual an ardent understanding of the State's needs. The ideal of the nation as a leader among the nations . . . is the necessary first task of national education in the United Kingdom."—*Interim Report of the Conservative Sub-Committee on Education, September 5.*]

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, please,
If you do not rouse me promptly I shall never sleep at ease,
For to-morrow is the march-past of the Public School Brigade,
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State Youth parade.

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, if State Youth rises late,
For certain elements, they say, would trifle with the State,
And in this glad new year, mother, none may the call evade,
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State Youth parade.

You know that Britain's youth, mother, by blood and birth and breed
Is called among the nations to guide and teach and lead,
In parts of all the earth, they say, our rule will be obeyed,
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State Youth parade.

You never can have known, mother, the elemental thrill
Of spontaneous submission to the State's collective will;
But it is felt to-day, they say, in every social glade,
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State Youth parade.

I cannot help but feel, mother, your youth was wild and weak
For you had no education in the national *mystique*,
In swamps of party politics your footsteps slipped and strayed,
But I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State Youth parade.

I'll sleep so sound all night, mother, and dream that, marching by,
As I pass the flag-draped bandstand I shall catch our Leader's eye.
And you'll come with little Effie, who'll soon be a State Youth Maid,
For I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State Youth parade.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

I TRAVELLED up from Kent to London on Sunday with a carriage full of soldiers going on leave. For over an hour, they discussed ABCA and its work, finding it, on the whole, very well done on the information side. But they all wanted more controversial discussion of living issues, and they emphasised how much harm a dull or fussy officer could do. They all said that they would like more talks from allied nationals, especially from those who had actual experience of Nazism at work. Most of them wanted to hear more about the Soviet Union, and all of them thought that the B.B.C. ought to link up its talks more closely with ABCA's work. They were anxious for lectures on how Parliament worked, and on the relations between the Cabinet and the Civil Service. It was interesting that, of the ten men in the carriage, only two belonged to any political party and only one had ever attended a political meeting. One of them complained that, in just over two years of military service, mostly in S.E. England and in Scotland, no M.P. had ever addressed a political meeting in any constituency where he was stationed.

So much is said about the acquiescence of the German workers in the Hitler régime that it is worth noting that the signal for the Luxemburg strike was given by a German, Heinrich Adam, who, at the age of 48, was immediately executed. Since the penalty was certain, that was the act of a very brave man.

* * *

I am glad that the National Council of Civil Liberties proposes to raise a fund in memory of Ronald Kidd. For eight years he spent himself in the service of the rights of man. His energy and persistence were untiring, and I am quite sure that the historians of our generation will give him a special footnote of gratitude for what he did. Freedom is kept alive by men and women like Kidd who have the gift of being encouraged by obstacles to further devotion. He belongs to the race of which Oastler and Plimsoll are a part. At a time when we fight for freedom it is right to honour a brave soldier in its army.

* * *

The current number of *Fortune*, the well-known American monthly, contains a deeply interesting report on the position in Washington. It almost sounds like a description of Whitehall. For it asks (i) for a unified military command; (ii) for a unified political command, with a special emphasis on the contrast between the habits of the State Department and the need for "aggressive democratic political warfare"; (iii) for a unified economic command. It points out how far Mr. Donald Nelson is from being anywhere near master in his own house; and it draws attention, with important details, to defects and blunders over tanks and planes. *Fortune* asks for a purge of the known inefficients before they wreck the production programme. And I think it is especially interesting that it pleads with the President not to effect the purge by making promotions.

* * *

I do not know how much Emerson is read nowadays. I picked up the other day a copy of his *English Traits*, and thought it as masterly an analysis of our people as I have ever read. In particular, there is there a short speech he made in Manchester in 1847 which contains, I think, as noble a tribute as any foreigner has ever paid to Britain. I am told that contemporary America thinks Emerson a stimulating writer for youth, but of little significence otherwise. That was certainly not my own impression; and re-reading his famous address on "The American Scholar" I wonder whether there is anywhere a better discussion of the place of the intellectual in society. Certainly it seemed to me to make Benda's much-discussed *Trahison des Clercs* very second-rate stuff in comparison.

* * *

I do not know how far Mr. R. A. Butler has got in his talks with the Churches—still, I gather, the main obstacle to the hope of an education measure this session—but I should like to hear his frank views on a letter I have just received from a teacher in a Church of England school in the Midlands. My correspondent, who is a keen Anglican, and a teacher with twenty years' experience, tells me that he is convinced of two things. In so far as religious teaching is an attempt to convey certain canons of conduct to children, it has nothing to do with the dogma of any particular Church. In so far as it seeks to explain that dogma to pupils under fifteen, he thinks that the historical and theological complexities make the task intellectually impossible for any teacher not prepared merely to impose a body of doctrine which the child is driven to accept by methods which no one would think of using in the teaching of history or literature. He concludes against any religious instruction in schools, but is very strongly in favour of the use of the Bible as great literature. He tells me that in all his years as a schoolmaster he has not known more than a handful of teachers whose competence in religious instruction even approached the standard they set for themselves in secular subjects.

The art of command is one of the qualities our aristocracy may, I think, rightfully claim it possesses in a degree which members of the Labour Party cannot yet rival. A Labour candidate, who held an important government post in which his superior officer was a peer, expressed a wish that one of the recently vacated seats might come his way. The peer (who was a Conservative) asked him why he did not put his name forward and told him he was the kind of man whom the Labour Party needed in the House. The candidate explained the delicate complexities of the position. Next day he found that the peer had telephoned an important member of the local party's executive, whom his lordship happened to know, and strongly urged him to get the vacancy for the candidate. Only the fact that the date for nominations had closed the previous day prevented the candidate's name from going before the selection conference. This is what William James meant by a "pungent sense of effective reality." I suspect that, outside the general secretaries of the big trade unions, there are not more than half a dozen Labour M.P.s who would dare to act in that way. The Prime Minister, of course, would have got the seat for the candidate.

* * *

I am glad to hear that Jim Middleton has almost recovered from his illness. Middleton has never sought the limelight in the Labour Party and few people realise how grand a contribution he has made to some of the most important aspects of its work. He has fought for every persecuted group, including the Germans; and he has throughout these difficult years refused to yield an inch to the influences in the Labour Party which have sought to make it an instrument of "Vansittartism." He has been the main builder of what remains of international understanding among the socialist emigration. There is no more selfless or single-minded spirit in the Labour movement. It will be good to have him in harness again.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Ian Darge

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Christians should remember that petrol is not the only spirit available; they have also the spirit of God.—*The Friend.*

Mr. John G. Dodd, a young member of All Saints' Church Youth Fellowship, Warwick, was especially listened to when he called for an inculcation of spiritual ideas into all phases of youth activity. This could be done, he thought, by letting young people themselves carry out the preliminary and latter work in connection with games—mowing of the cricket pitch, fixing of the tennis net, removal of stumps, etc.—*Warwick and Warwickshire Gazette.*

"The problem of India," he told me, "centres round two simple facts: first—the average Indian's expectation of life is twenty-three years, as distinct from fifty-five years in Britain; second—the average income per head in India works out at £7 per annum."

His statistics prompted a disturbing query: To people with an average life-expectation of twenty-three years, what is the good of promises for the future?—*Everywoman.*

A haughty male voice came on the phone at one centre: "I am already doing work of great national importance, and now if my wife has to do fire watching, who is going to look after our dog?"—*Bristol "Evening Post."*

SOUND MINDS AND SOUND BODIES

NEARLY forty years ago, strange circumstances were responsible for my lunching as his guest with the then Archdeacon of Middlesex. At the time, something of a heresy-hunt was being conducted among the clergy by one or two of the bishops, and our conversation turned on the creeds and utterances of a distinguished cleric then notorious for his public heterodoxies. The Archdeacon said to me: "Of course, a man of intelligence is bound, and ought to feel bound, to do a good lot of private thinking for himself; but I have frequently pointed out to Henson that what he says from the pulpit, though doubtless an honest expression of his present opinions, nine times out of ten gives a very false impression of what he will be thinking in a year's time. On the other hand, the bulk of his audience take his utterances as inspired and final—"not for them to reason why." It is very questionable if, by his outspokenness, Henson is really serving either the cause of honest thinking or that of the Church. Every intelligent man is bound to think; but he need not do all his thinking aloud."

I was reminded of this conversation whilst reading a very interesting and beautifully printed volume of *Lectures to the Laity* given by the New York Academy of Medicine.* In the course of a stimulating essay on "Humanism and Science," Dr. Alan Gregg expresses his "regret that physicians repeat at times the paradoxical error of some scientists—the utterance of dogmatic finality, in the presence, one might add, of persons disposed to believe too readily. Such men behave as though to-day's science were definitive and final, yet all the while they devote their energies to its correction and causal modification."

The dogmatism of doctors has offered a formidable obstacle to the enlightenment of the laity as to the realities with which the medical art has to grapple. The scientific basis of Medicine has been rapidly changing and developing ever since I was a student fifty years ago, and for at least a quarter of a century before that. The serious application of that science to the art and practice of Medicine is still a comparative novelty. In two directions, especially, is marked development taking place—in that of what is called social medicine, and that of the relation between man's body and man's mind. As Dr. William Healy says in his contribution to the *March of Medicine*: "With our countless millions of unused brain cells, we must certainly have the potential ability to develop more of them to the end of attaining power that in the form of thought or action shall prevail for the good of human society."

Whatever may be the realities behind those concepts which we term mind and body, there can now be no question as to their intimate connection and capacity for mutual influence. The therapeutic efficacy of faith is, at any rate within certain limits, accepted by science because it has been demonstrated by methods on which science relies. Every doctor is aware that much of his success depends on his power of suggestion—on the measure of confidence with which he can inspire his patient. Nor are the effects of this "suggestion" or emotional influence limited to the subjective. Physical and chemical consequences, measurable by the observer, also result. Everybody has first-hand experience of physical phenomena directly following on, or accompanying, emotional states. The diminished digestive secretions in periods of anxiety; the contraction of the surface blood-vessels and the more vigorous beating of the heart consequent on fear, or coincident with it; the blush of self-consciousness; these, and dozens of similar illustrations, prove how impossible it is in practice to draw the line which has often been attempted between the psychic and the "material." Indeed,

* *The March of Medicine: Being the Lectures of the New York Academy of Medicine to the Laity*, 1941. Columbia University Press and Humphrey Milford. 13s. 6d.

n the basis of established fact, the most rationalistic of us can but set very wide limits to the heoretically possible effects of thought and motion. But it is silly to pretend that we have ational grounds for inferring that those possibilities have no limits. As Dr. Irwin Edman puts , in his essay, "Philosophy as Therapy": I say at once that I rule out the notion that hilosophy is a substitute for medicine, or logic or surgery, or ethics for antiseptics. Where spirin is indicated, metaphysics will not do. Nor do I mean anything in the way of mind cure, r Christian Science, or Coué-ism. I do not hink that thinking is a cure for anything in the ense that one can think things away." Dr. Edman's view seems to me unduly conservative—a charge that cannot be levelled against Mr. Frederick Bailes, whose clearly and very definitely expressed doctrine is embodied in a book, *Your Mind Can Heal You*,* which has just been published in this country. This book is described on the wrapper as "A practical introduction to the technique of mental and spiritual treatment"—two methods having little in common. Mr. Bailes argues, not merely, as Epictetus might contend, that by spiritual means a man may rise superior to pain, or be made indifferent or insensitive to it; or that he may truly come to realise that no physical defeat need touch his spirit or disturb his soul, but that such physical phenomena as cancer of the stomach, fibrosis of the kidney, or the nerve degeneration associated with established infantile paralysis may be made to disappear as though they had not been.

Most of the diseases which attack man are not infrequently—perhaps generally—spontaneously recovered from, without external medical aid. And it appears that the defensive activities on which cure depends are for the most part regulated by what is known as the sympathetic nervous system; which, in turn, is intimately associated with the emotions. It is even so with the healing of wounds and the joining of broken bones; and there can be no doubt that what we call states of mind may have, and generally do have, a considerable influence on the vigour of the defence.

The potency of auto- or hetero-suggestion, therefore, must be taken as proved. But, even here, so far as experience goes, there are limits. There is nothing to make us believe that faith can restore the degenerate granular kidney or the tubercle-destroyed or fibrosed lung.

So much for "suggestion"—for faith regardless of that which inspires it. The claims of spiritual healing are fundamentally different; though many of its adherents confuse the two methods. "The invisible directing agency," says Mr. Bailes, "is Universal Mind . . . This is the intelligent Power to which man has access, because he is one with this Universal Mind. . . . When he understands and accepts the fact that the same power which holds the universe in action is ready to hold his body free from sickness, then he can know that there are no incurable diseases—only incurable people, incurable because they remain blind to their potential healing. Those who think that their healing depends on their own puny mental efforts, such as concentration, will-power, and so on, will be disappointed. But those who learn how to allow this Universal Intelligence to flow in their behalf will find liberation and healing."

The peculiar essence of spiritual healing consists in the doctrine that its efficacy depends on the spiritual nature of the "healer." It asserts that its alleged cures are due to the direct intervention of God, which intervention would not have occurred but for the efforts of the "healer." In other words, a cure by spiritual healing is a miracle. "Jesus' method of healing," says Mr. Bailes, "consisted in denying the reality of the outward pathological appearance and affirming the reality of man's inner perfection. This is the method used to-day by successful mental and spiritual practitioners and consultants. The point which must be made clear, however, is that the treatment takes place wholly within the mind of the practitioner . . . He positively must keep himself separated from the false belief that the patient brings in, as the rescuer must keep the drowning person from clutching him. By convincing himself of the spiritual perfection of the patient he sets in action a true idea, which is opposite to the sufferer's false idea."

What, then, is the kind of evidence on which an intelligent, open-minded person can be expected to admit the force of the spiritual healer's contention? Results that are acknowledged to be possible as a consequence of the method of "Suggestion" will in no way help his case; for such results have been, and are being, obtained by doctors and by quacks of every description daily. There are certain diseases from which recovery is unknown. Such are atrophy of the optic nerve and advanced granular degeneration of the kidneys; and these, especially the former, can be diagnosed with reasonable certainty. Can the spiritual healers produce one single cure for such a case previously authenticated by recognised diagnostic experts? Such are the tests which a new drug or a new operative procedure has to satisfy. The believers in spiritual healing can easily obtain credence on the same terms.

Another recent book dealing with the influence of the mind on physical well-being is Dr. Dick Read's *Revelation of Childbirth*.* Nine years ago, Dr. Read wrote a book called *Natural Childbirth*, in which he drew attention to the influence of the emotions on pregnancy and childbirth. In that book, he contrasted the pain and fear which often accompany parturition among civilised women with the emotions and comparative painlessness of "natural childbirth," as seen in primitive women. In the present book, he has developed his thesis, and recorded by way of illustration a considerable mass of first-hand observation. He attributes no small part of the pain and difficulty traditionally associated with the bearing of children to the emotion of unwarranted fear. He believes this fear to have no just basis. "Why should Nature," he asks, "prescribe pain and fear as a natural accompaniment to a most elementary law? . . . . Perfect love demands and creates a perfect peacefulness. One powerful emotion is conspicuously absent throughout the whole series of events which lead up to reproduction; that is, fear. . . . Is it reasonable to believe that the law of Nature has gone so far astray that with one hand it prompts, with every wile and urge, women to bear children, and with the other restrains by pain, fear and injury the desire to bear children?" In other normal expulsive acts of the body, the expulsive muscles actively contract whilst the sphincter muscles relax. In the case of childbirth, Dr. Read contends, the emotion of fear brings about, by means of the sympathetic nervous system, a constriction of the circular sphincter muscles of the uterus, thus enormously increasing the necessary tension of the longitudinal muscles of expulsion and consequent pain. The pain of labour is thus not a subjective pain, but a true objective pain, "caused by the mechanism of intensified emotional stimulus."

I think that Dr. Read goes too far when he says that "if fear can be eliminated, pain will cease." He says nothing about the effects of the upright position, to which we are not yet fully adapted; but I am sure that his general argument is sound. The book is not unduly technical, and will interest both doctors and others concerned with the problem of motherhood.

HARRY ROBERTS

* *Your Mind Can Heal You.* By Frederick W. Bailes. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

* *Revelation of Childbirth.* By Grantly Dick Read. Heinemann Medical Books. 21s.

C.E.M.A.

"THE Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts? Goodness knows, they do need encouraging, poor things, but how cumbrous, how blighting, how worthy, it all sounds, how suggestive of the invaluable Charity Organisation Society or some Association for the Protection of Decayed Gentlewomen. Why Music *and* the Arts—isn't music an art? And isn't the Council attached somehow to the Board of Education, which doesn't exactly make things sound more cheerful?" Some such qualms may beset the innocent visitor as he approaches the basement of the National Gallery, where seventy-five paintings recently purchased by C.E.M.A. are now on view. But when he has looked at the show, he may fairly wonder whether it is not, in the history of English art, possibly epoch-making.

The achievements of C.E.M.A. are very large—theatrical companies touring, hundreds of concerts every week, pictures in factories and British restaurants as well as in benighted manufacturing towns and mining villages. And now, because the supply of pictures on loan is running short, C.E.M.A. has purchased this little collection of its own, which in due course will go to places in England where a good picture, old or new, has never previously been seen. By whom the paintings have been chosen I don't know, but the job could not have been better done, for the taste is both discriminating and catholic. From A (for Aldridge, Appelbee, Armstrong) to W (for Ethel Walker, Carel Wright, Kenneth Wood), here are most English painters one has had the pleasure of praising, except those already well represented in the War Artists collection. N, I note, is a neglected letter, N for William, Ben, and Winifred Nicholson; and there are inevitably a few equally conspicuous absentees. But one could base a pretty fair judgment of our contemporary painting upon this variegated parterre—or should one not rather say this herbaceous border, since it is at once so tasteful and so spontaneous, so unassuming and so undisciplined, in fact so flatteringly English?

But we have seen good mixed shows before, though never one so felicitous. The point surely is that this show is due, however modestly and indirectly, to State patronage. The introduction to the catalogue tactfully minimises the astounding fact. The Pilgrim Trust has given the money, and "the exhibition is not so much an attempt at State patronage as an encouragement to private patronage, and its very modesty is a proof that painting is not solely a thing for public galleries, any more than flowers are things for public gardens." That is all very well, but faced with these purchases, can one help hoping? One may hardly dare say so, but the potentialities of C.E.M.A. strike me as immeasurable. It might come to perform, and to perform better, all the functions of a Ministry of Fine Arts.

State patronage of the arts excites suspicion and alarm in many even of those who wish the State much greater power over industry and the land. For one thing, patronage too easily leads to control, and control is not healthy for art. Again, one's experience of State patronage in practice has usually been dismal: the music at the Paris Opera, the official paintings of the Nazis, the architecture of the U.S.S.R., all provide warnings against official taste. In our own country much of the material provided by the B.B.C. is, well, not wildly encouraging. Even if officials know the highest when they see it, are they not driven by outside pressure, by routine or even by mistaken conscience, into giving the public what it wants? And though the public is not so unanimously base in its taste as some newspapers hope, though good music and good painting—as the experience of C.E.M.A. proves—do command a considerable popularity, it is feckless to pretend that nine men out of ten do not prefer a Wurlitzer to a string-quartet, and "the pictures" to pictures.

But it is just because the public thus ignores the intense enjoyment obtainable from visual art, that State intervention is so necessary. Whether or not one believes that most people are congenitally capable of this enjoyment, very many of those who are never get the opportunity. There are hundreds of towns in this country where a good painting has never been publicly shown. The failure in this respect of *laissez faire* has been indisputable and entire. Most people live in ugly

houses, sitting in ugly chairs, wearing ugly clothes, for their eyes have received no education; and though they are not even aware of their misfortune, they obscurely suffer from it. Ugliness has become a more widespread plague in modern England than smallpox was in the Eighteenth Century. The State stamped out smallpox. It will take nothing less than the State to eliminate our visual filth.

Sometimes one hears people accepting State patronage as a *pis aller*. Nobody will any longer be rich enough to buy pictures, they say, and so unluckily this will have to be done by public bodies. This doesn't touch the fact I have been emphasising, that most people just have not had the chance to see pictures. Moreover it assumes that the rich in this country have in fact patronised living painters, an assumption for which there is little evidence. Has any millionaire banker or industrialist, has any great landed proprietor, made an important collection of contemporary paintings? To the best of my knowledge it is pictures by Laszlo rather than by Picasso or Sickert that embellish the stately homes alike of dukes and Big Business tycoons. If these do buy a good picture, it is pretty sure to be by somebody safely dead. Among discerning patrons one can find indeed a few aristocrats and a few comparatively rich men. But most patrons are of a more modest sort, civil servants, barristers, writers. I hope that in future these will be able to continue their invaluable service to art; and I doubt whether the disappearance of the great fortunes will much affect any painters except bad ones.

This is not to say that State patronage is unnecessary. On the contrary it is much overdue, and for the artist's sake as well as the public's. Artists need, and for long have needed, desperately to sell their work. It does not help them that when they are dead their pictures may command high prices. What they need is to sell now, and not for high prices but regularly. At present the State spends large sums on training artists, and hardly anything on keeping them alive when they have been trained. What it now has to do is to give people the chance to enjoy pictures, and that means showing them pictures, and that means buying pictures to show them.

It is immensely to the good that C.E.M.A. is not a part of the state machine, but as it were an agent, receiving subsidies for which it must account but preserving a measure of spontaneity and independence. The greater this measure, I suggest, the better value the State is likely to get for its money. With this proviso, I hope that the current exhibition will not only encourage, as is intended, private patrons, but will encourage C.E.M.A itself—and the Board of Education. I hope that, on the lines here so excellently set down, there will be more purchases, regular purchases, until a dozen such shows can be sent round the country; and in due course not merely a dozen, but hundreds. The public needs to see pictures; the painters need to sell them; and the cost would be negligible. Is it then unreasonable to hope that this exhibition is only the thin end of a vast beneficent wedge?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

TWO CONCERTS

THE first of Messrs. Boosey & Hawkes' second season of concerts was conspicuously well chosen. One can still, after twenty-five years, feel respect for John Ireland's *Second Violin Sonata*, though the idiom be outworn, the style tediously flowery, and the lyricism second-rate. Here, at any rate, is workmanship, and the rather washed-out sincerity of a Tonks water-colour. Miss Eda Kersey did not appear sufficiently interested in the sonata to give it of her best; reserving this for the second item in the programme Bartok's "Contrasts" for violin, piano and clarinet. This is a virtuoso piece, written in 1938 for Benny Goodman and Szigeti. At a first hearing the second and third movements showed as the most attractive. This is not, I take it, an important work; but even in a *jeu d'esprit* one cannot help enjoying Bartok's consistency of style, his invention, his satirical sense. The performance, with Frederick Thurston at the clarinet and Flora Kados at the piano, seemed highly competent.

After the interval came the first performance of Benjamin Britten's *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* for tenor and piano. I suggest that these are the finest chamber songs England has had to show since the seventeenth century, and the best any country has produced since the death of Wolf. It was high time the long, sinuous, rhetorical Italian line reappeared in English vocal music, which was dying of a surfeit of Brahms, on the one hand, and of folk tunes on the other. One could take a phrase from one of these sonnets and refer it to Puccini; but the point really is that that phrase is an echo of another in *Falstaff*, and that one again an echo of still another in, say, *l'Incoronazione di Poppaea*. By sheer sense of style, working in close harmony with profound emotion, Britten has revived a whole tradition in these songs. The experience was indescribably moving—the more so as the means are extremely economical; the accompaniment is often a mere outline, never more than a simply followed figure. To have attempted to set these sonnets, which equal Shakespeare's in subtlety of thought and feeling, was a courageous act; it could only succeed supremely or fail completely. The enthusiasm of a numerous audience made clear which was the case. More, much more, could profitably be written about these superbly beautiful songs; here I have only space to add that the singer, Peter Pears, is something of a portent, too. It is long since we heard an English tenor with a voice at once so strong, so pure and so sweet.

The concert ended with Arthur Bliss's lovely *Clarinet Quintet*, on the whole perhaps the composer's most successful work. At all events I can think of no other in which he unites variety of mood with so much poetical feeling, so many spontaneous felicities.

The last of the three concerts of French music was devoted to the work of "Les Six." Inasmuch as the most considerable of these composers (Poulenc, Milhaud, Honegger) did their best work *after* the fraternity had split up, this concert had, by the terms of reference, to choose from rather poor stuff. In fact the general effect of feebleness and anæmia was overpowering. It is all very well to react against the grandiose and the sublime, but the only tolerable alternative is gracefulness—a quality displayed here only by the *Images à Crusoë* of Louis Durey, a composer who soon dried up and who was once described to me by another of the Six as possessing "*un talent bien mince*." Not as slender in this case, however, as Honegger's in his flaccid *Rhapsodie* for two flutes, clarinet and piano, as Auric's in his *Sonatine* for piano, as Germaine Tailleferre's in her *Image* for eight instruments. It was an amusing idea of Milhaud's to set a number of advertisements of agricultural implements for soprano and seven instruments; but the result, instead of being witty, is merely aimless and hard on the ear.

The French can do far better than this, as the previous concert went some way to show. An admirable team of executants, including Miss Sophie Wyss and Miss Irene Kohler, made one wish they were playing something more worthy of their talents.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"The Glass Key," at the Plaza
"The Great Mr. Handel," at the Leicester Square

Curious that America's entry into the war should have brought a revival of gangster films. One might have supposed that, with lynchings and all-in wrestling, gangster films would have suffered eclipse, that Pearl Harbour would have blotted out Cicero. But not a bit. The older death dance goes on, like bull-fights during the Spanish War, something permanent in the American character. Since the days of *Quick Millions*—the first and perhaps the best gangster film—Hollywood has provided a flow of such pictures, and they compose the one genuine saga that has come to us from the screen. Even the novelist who raised gangsters into literature—Dashiell Hammett—seems to be anticipating the screen in print.

Only an American, perhaps, having lived through the days of Prohibition, Dillinger and Lindberg's baby could fully explain this strange appeal. Its fascinatio extends here, like translations of Dostoevsky or Sund performances of Webster: rich, melodramatic, exot The potential murderer or victim in all of us respond while recognising that our own national heroes— Brides-in-the-Bath Smith or Jack the Ripper—are a different stamp. What are the essentials of th gangster film? First, violence, brief, *sans commi taire*. Second, the tread of Fate. Third, a hero deal out and in the end to suffer that Fate. Fourth the sexual trimmings. Fifth, the hells of boredom an neurotic tension in which the hero revolves betwee killings: the high-powered cars, squalid joint rivalries, dolls and molls, wise-cracking, blas reveries and butcherly tenderness, which provide incomparable background. There was once a back streets cinema in the West End called the "Moul Rouge" which devoted its programmes entirely films of this genre, and it was for that reason, wee in and week out, the most breath-taking, *echt*, eer palace in London. If it should revive or anothe come to take its place, *The Glass Key* will rank hig in its starry repertory.

From a novel by Dashiell Hammett; brilliant characterisation and dialogue; not quite so perfectly directed as *Maltese Falcon*; more frankly sadistic rich in those moments when the lop-sided grin freeze on your face. There are two such moments which surpass anything of the kind in earlier films. A man and a woman are embracing on a sofa; the husband appears on the landing and asks plaintively "Eulalie, aren't you coming to bed?" Eulalie say "No"; and while we are beginning to warm to that there's a revolver shot; the husband has killed himself. Second moment: a "gorilla" strangling his boss, and pausing to remark with a drunken, half-childish smile, "I've always been a good-natured slob." Horrifying? Yes, but not more so, fundamentally, than the sex-and-death lyrics of *The Beggar's Opera*. All the actors in *The Glass Key* get full marks: Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, William Bendix, Joseph Calleia have the biggest parts. The women are rather less effective: Veronica Lake at her second (self-admiring) best. Director, new to me, Stuart Heisler.

By contrast *The Great Mr. Handel* is all quietness. Quiet colours, prettily managed; quiet story, quietly untrue to fact; and the music—instead of being by Plink or Szosmanski—is Handel's. I enjoyed it, but at times I slept.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Merchant of Venice," at the Westminster

Mr. Robert Atkins has returned to the West End and if his forthcoming productions are as good as *The Merchant of Venice* audiences can look forward to an interesting season. His Shylock is a fine piece of acting, which keeps the audience nicely balanced between repulsion and sympathy. Miss Adèle Dixon makes a pleasing Portia. To those for whom this part brings memories of the trial scene performed in schooldays with a sober and scholarly Portia, Miss Dixon's performance will come as a surprise. She is light-hearted about her adventure in the law court of Venice, and although as Master Balthazar he swagger and costume would well become a principal boy in pantomime, it is agreeable to find a Portia who is not pedantic. Miss Dixon is well supported by Maxine Audley's Nerissa. Nigel Clarke as the Merchant and John Wynyard as Bassanio give competent performances, while Helen Cherry as Jessica hides her unfilial behaviour under an attractive exterior. It was a good idea to omit one scene at casket choosing, for the suitors are as tedious to an audience as they were to Portia. In all, a lively production.

Civil Defence Artists at the Cooling Galleries

Interspersed in the seventh exhibition of the C.D.A. are a score of pictures by Old Masters, including van der Neer, Guardi, Richard Wilson, Constable, Bonington and Monet. Mr. Matthew Smith, who has hung the show very ingeniously, remarks that these put the C.D.A. "on the spot"; and indeed the Monet, for instance, does rake the room like a tommy gun. But most of the C.D.A. pictures in any case make no pretence to longevity. A. G. Moreton's *Peace* and A. Harding's *Rescue* stand up well

Monsieur Bombois's pop-gun, while on the same panel Wilson and the Douanier reinforce one another. A quattrocento *cassone* panel affords the most instructive contrast, because it is not more accomplished than many of the C.D.A. paintings. But the artist had a grand instinct for design, and a tradition in which to work—whereas, alas, there is no such tradition for the C.D.A. aspirant to cling to. Of course, many of the C.D.A. artists are excellently professional, and there are good works by Vera Cuningham, Eve Disher, Leila Faithfull, G. L. Frost, Rose Henriques, Lowes Luard, Denis Mathew, du Plessis, Basil Rocke and Samson Schames. Some carved chessmen by G. R. Aldersley have merit, and Paul Martin's *Cavalcade* puts Mr. Dali very prettily on the spot. The C.D.A. painters are in much better form than they were at their last show, and the Old Masters are good enough to allure every connoisseur.

Correspondence

AGRICULTURE IN WAR AND PEACE

SIR,—There have been some wonderful achievements on the land of Britain during these war years. Many of the experiments have been of a costly nature, but this applies equally to other national services. To-day agriculture is really a State department, and, under Ministerial direction, all are working for the successful prosecution of the war. If in the process the farm worker has become the recipient of the highest wage ever paid in the history of British agriculture (and he earns every penny of it) there have been plenty of "inducements" to the farmer to play his part. The farmers can afford to pay the men much more than the present national minimum of £3 a week (many of them do) and still have good balances on the right side.

Thus, while there are some features of Government agricultural policy which we will gladly dispense with on the day the cease fire sounds, Dr. Orwin does well to point out some positive gains from this policy. State control must continue, not merely in the interests of farming but of the nation. How is this control to be exercised? Dr. Orwin does not like "appointed" committees. He wants them to be representative, and because of this he says the Minister's County War Agricultural Committees must go.

I do not mind the Minister "appointing" the committees provided all interests are adequately represented. I have heard it suggested that the consumer should be represented on the committees, but I can see no point in this in war time, providing the consumer is getting something to consume. I cannot see how other than "appointed" committees can operate in war. If the committees were elected by popular vote I wonder how much of the Government's policy would be applied?

The Minister says that those of us who serve on County War Agricultural Committees are his servants, and if we don't like his policy our duty is obvious. Generally speaking we are his very willing servants and the goods are being produced. With any new machinery established after the war some such principle must still operate.

A weakness of the present committees is the fact that there are such few workers' representatives on them. There is only one on each committee, and this is a point we have been putting to the Minister, but without result thus far. One workers' representative out of eight, nine and ten members is all wrong, especially when considered in the light of the contribution the farm workers are making to the food production campaign. Additional workers' representatives would not go against Government policy, but they would be able to make a useful contribution in the carrying out of the policy.

So much is done by committees which affect the workers. Committees are in many counties by far the largest employers of farm labour. They also grant certificates to enable a farmer to secure possession of cottages in which farm workers may be living. It is only right that the workers should be in a position to exert influence on these and other questions whilst at the same time pushing forward with food production.

Dr. Orwin in his excellent "Penguin" *Speed the Plough* is hardly fair to the workers in suggesting that "the wage-workers are hardly concerned to find remedies for the economic evils of their industry." My Union has again and again sought to voice the opinion of the farm workers in relation to agricultural policy. We passed a resolution at our Biennial Conference in May suggesting "the creation of a National Board to supervise agricultural production on nationally owned land. Farming should not be allowed to go back to its own devices, but control should be continued in the interests of the industry and the State. Complete powers should be given to the National Board which would work through Regional Councils, replacing the present County War Agricultural Committees. On the National Board and Regional Councils the farm workers should have adequate representation."

I believe that Dr. Orwin, to whom we are all indebted for his valuable contributions towards the solving of the agricultural problem, would support something along the lines of the above.

E. G. GOOCH,
President of the National Union of Agricultural Workers.

SIR,—It was with astonishment that I read Mr. Anthony West's statement that "the beet-sugar industry . . . now produces a passable sugar substitute." This statement is entirely incorrect and misleading. The beet-sugar industry produces sugar which is chemically and physically identical with the sugar produced from sugar-cane. As a chemist who was employed in the sugar industry for several years, I assure Mr. West that it is practically impossible to distinguish a sample of fully refined beet-sugar from a sample of fully refined cane-sugar.

J. STEWART COOK
Crossways, Osborne Road, Windsor

CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—When compulsory military service was introduced on the eve of the war the promise was given that the persecution of conscientious objectors which took place in the last war would not be renewed, and I wish to acknowledge that as a whole objectors have now been treated more liberally.

There have been some exceptions, however. Despite pledges to the contrary, "cat-and-mouse" treatment has recurred. May I draw attention to the two severest cases?

Gerald Henderson, of West Hartlepool, is a religious objector. He was refused exemption by the Tribunals, arrested and taken into the army. He has been court-martialled five times and has served sentences of 28 days' detention and 4 months', 6 months' and 7 months' imprisonment. He is now serving a sentence of 15 months' imprisonment. Yet the Appellate Tribunal still declines to acknowledge that he is a sincere objector.

The second case, Stanley Hilton of Rochdale, is also a religious objector. He has been court-martialled three times, has served sentences of one year's imprisonment and 2 years' detention (commuted to 7 months), and is now serving a third sentence of 2 years' imprisonment.

Have not these boys proved their sincerity? It is of no benefit to the army to keep on sending them back to prison, and it is a blot on the administration of the conscience clause of the National Service Acts.

Central Board for Conscientious Objectors,
6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

FENNER BROCKWAY,
Chairman

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY

SIR,—Now that the Post-war Credits are being received by workers subject to income tax, an extraordinary anomaly has come to light which denies the principle of the economic independence of married women, based upon the Married Women's Property Act of 1887.

A case has come to our notice of a young married woman who is employed in one part of the country and her husband performs his national service in another town. On inquiry as to why she had not received her Post-war Credit, she was informed that it had been sent to her husband. The Credit which she received was beyond his own expectation, but it did not separate in any way the Credit which she had earned from his personal Credit.

Her indignation at this procedure is not allayed by learning that if her husband gives his "written consent" she may make an application for the Credit which she has earned to be sent to her.

On behalf of women, we claim that the Constitution shall be obeyed, and that the right of married women to their own property guaranteed by the Married Women's Property Act shall not be set aside by arbitrary decree of the Treasury.

EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE,
President of the Six-Point Group.
DOROTHY E. EVANS,
Secretary of the Six-Point Group.
Redcap, Greenstreet Green,
Farnborough, Kent.

BOLSHEVISM IN EUROPE

SIR,—I was immensely amused to read in last week's NEW STATESMAN, under "This England," something that I was supposed to have said quoted from the *Lincolnshire Standard*. As I have not had a cutting of the statement or seen the *Lincolnshire Standard*, I am unable to correct this at source, but for your own information I would like to tell you that what in fact I said was: "There is still a great deal of suspicion of Bolshevism in Europe. One of the important aspects of the Anglo-Russian Alliance is that it is going to get rid of these remnants of 'anti-Bolshevism' which still persist in Europe because of twenty years of anti-Bolshevik propaganda."

No European country with vivid and painful memories of Britain before the war, who was unable to control either herself or her statesmen, could possibly feel that there was the remotest chance of her controlling any outside power, however small.

64 Cadogan Square, S.W. JUDITH LISTOWEL

[The Countess of Listowel was quoted as saying that "All European countries dread the Bolshevists, but they feel that if Britain controls Russia, then they are going to be all right." We are happy to print Lady Listowel's real sentiments.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CAN WE WIN THE PEACE?

SIR,—The September 12th issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION published a review of my book, *Can We Win the Peace?*, in which I am described as "the economist of Big Business." I strongly object to this description. For many years I have been criticising Big Business systematically in a large number of articles and books, and have persistently advocated the extension of Government control over business activity. So far from representing the point of view of Big Business, my latest book strongly attacks right-wing appeasers, and is, I understand, anything but popular in quarters which are anxious to restore their pre-war connections with German industry and banking after the war.

These are the facts, well known to everybody who has been following my writings closely. I am sure I am right in thinking that you will consider it fair to correct the erroneous statements of your reviewer, statements which, if allowed to stand, might be highly damaging to my reputation as an independent journalist. PAUL EINZIG

130 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

[Our reviewer's description of Mr Einzig was certainly unfair, and we regret using any phrase that could damage his deserved reputation as an independent journalist.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

APPEAL TO IRELAND

SIR,—May I correct a misprint of one word which slightly altered the meaning of a passage in my article published in your issue of September 26?

This passage appeared: "The Northern situation is complicated by the non-recognition of the Stormont Government by many of the minority. This attitude receives considerable support in the South which works in a circle, producing repercussions in Ulster."

I had written the last sentence: "This attitude receives considerable support in the South, which works in a circle, producing repercussions there"—with the meaning that this support by some people in the South of an implicit differentiation between violent opposition to the Northern Government and a similar opposition to the Eire Government worked back inevitably to Eire: making political violence more likely there than it would be if there were an accepted rule with regard to such action, whether in South or North. PAMELA HINKSON

Current Literature

ABYSSINIA

The Abyssinian Campaigns. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 1s. 6d.

Sealed and Delivered. By G. L. STEER. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 18s.

The official history of the Abyssinian campaigns is a fine satisfying meal. The only thing which is cheaply done about it is its paper cover, and that cannot be helped at the price of 1s. 6d. Among its numerous good points are excellent photographs, some evocative, like the furrowed emptiness of the southern desert where the armoured lorries have passed, some straightforward illustrations of the fighting, like the series of the Keren campaign. There is also a useful timetable in columns, showing the dating of the various advances: Platt's offensive in the North, the "Path of the Emperor," Cunningham's race of the West, East, and South Africans to Addis Ababa from the South, and the final siege of the scattered Italian pockets. The maps are not quite so good. Simplicity is desirable, but a map should show all the places named in the text, and these do not.

The history is clearly told. It is not altogether easy to read, partly because there is inevitably a certain amount of cross-reference from one to the other of campaigns overlapping in date, although they are recounted in separate chapters. And partly because an army historian feels he must detail the fighting from day to day, giving the troops engaged their battalion titles. This slows narratives, which should gallop down to a trot. Yet in how many houses where this book goes, it will fall open at the page where a regiment is named!—the Camerons clinging like gannets to their arête under the Italian guns, the 3rd Punjab Indians scaling the cliffs of Sanchil, the Sudanese crawling by night to within five yards of the Italian lines before throwing their grenades. Indeed, even official notices sometimes strike home, as in the queer, stilted, heart-breaking citations.

> During an assault on an enemy position in front of Keren on the night of February 7, Subadar Richpol Ram, who was second in command of the leading company, insisted on accompanying the forward platoon and led an attack on the first objective with great dash. His company commander having been wounded, he assumed command of the company. In face of withering fire about 30 men, with this V.C.O. at their head, rushed the objective with bayonets and captured it. Here, although completely isolated, they beat back six enemy attacks between midnight and 4.30 in the morning. On February 12 the Subadar led another attack on the same position. By his personal example he inspired the company with his own resolute spirit, but nearing the objective his right foot was blown off. He then suffered further wounds to which he ultimately succumbed. Even when lying wounded on the battlefield, he had no thought for his own wounds, but waved forward his men. His last words were "We will capture the objective."

The stories of Mission 101, when Sandford went in to prepare the Ethiopian revolt, and of Gideon, the tiny force which by sheer impertinence hunted an Italian army ten times its number through the hills, are breath-taking. And the Powers have had the sense to let the author break into human feeling now and then, as in his tribute to General Nazi, "by far the most able of the Italians in his dealings with the Abyssinian, whom he treated as a fellow being to whom one extended one's hand, offered one's table and kept one's word," in his acid references to Ras Hailu of Gojjam, that royal Vicar of Bray; and in his summing up of the Emperor's return as "the reversal of a four-year-old story discreditable to all except the victim."

Mr. Steer is one of those Englishmen who always see wars as a conflict of principles. While they abhor war as such, they are driven by their consciences to take sides in every struggle, whether their country is engaged or not. The abhorrence makes them superb war correspondents, for they observe with compassion the slaughter which a professional soldier, however humane, accepts as inevitable; and the conscience tends to place them on the losing side, with the people who are attacked, enslaved, robbed of their country. Mr. Steer, who upheld this honourable tradition in Abyssinia in 1936, and in Spain, has for once found himself in a war where the winning side was the right one too. He went to the Sudan with the Emperor Haile Selassie, and organised the Patriot propaganda. This meant spreading the news of the Emperor's return, inciting the tribes which had kept up resistance to Italy, converting the subdued and especially the Italian native troops to desertion. Outside Ethiopia there was the usual British picnic of writers, printers, some old missionary Amharic type; inside, Mission 101 under Sandford, a system of megaphone speakers in battle-pauses, such of the aeroplanes as could be spared to drop tracts. The author is clear on two points. Propaganda, he says, is a "co-operative arm"; it must be used in conjunction with military attack. Here arises a problem of principle. Steer admits, indeed he boasts of, "battle propaganda" which was simply bluff. For instance, photographs of tanks, of which the British had less than ten. "Where does truth or untruth lie in saying boo to a goose?" he says. Yet none would be more shocked than he at misreporting or at a false political promise. Secondly, although there never was a widespread rising in Ethiopia, the fear of it, and the necessity to hold the people down, immobilised fifty-six Italian divisions which might otherwise have been free to reinforce the defence of the Escarpment.

Mr. Steer's war, at last. He feels it almost a private affair, in view of the small band of people who have never forgiven the betrayal of Ethiopia nor forgotten her cause. This accounts for the tiresome trick he has of writing of people like Colonel Sandford, Colonel Boustead of Gideon, and leading Ethiopians by their Christian names. Steer's main personal devotion, however, is to the Emperor himself. He gives the statesmanlike speech of the Emperor to his people in Addis Ababa, when he promised them a new progressive government, and commanded them not to reward evil for evil. "We shall take his weapons from the enemy and make him return by the way that he came." He gives also the text of the British-Ethiopian convention, the earnest that this time we will deal honourably with an ally. It may be that some even of those whose falseness and inertia caused the martyrdom of Ethiopia realise now that but for their policy this hard war in East Africa need never have been fought.

FREDA WHITE

QUESTIONNAIRE

The Many and the Few. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.

How far must the artist go into politics? What must he do about social injustice? Is art for the Few or for the Many? Ought the artist to identify himself with the Many? When the lights of civilisation are switched on again in the world, is he to be a hard, obedient, electric unit on the sky sign of the State, flashing the latest propaganda? Or is he to be an independent luminary, strong in the hope that the world will say "How far that little candle throws its beam"? In other words—and one of the troubles with this dilemma is that it can be put in so many other words—shall we be able to say what we will give to Cæsar and what to God? Or have God and Cæsar fatally coalesced? One cannot help wincing before these questions. Too painfully they recall the recruiting cries of the 30's. One sees again the manifestoes piling up, the signed circulars and questionnaires in the letter box. One remembers the hopelessly unanimous meetings of those years. Total war was a release from it all. Must we argue all this again in the terrible planned and total Peace? Yes, says Mr. Paul Bloomfield, getting his blow in first: we must.

It is hardly a blow. Rather he sets about applying the mild and soothing massage of philosophy upon our drilled and stiffened minds. One is fidgeted by his disarming manner, and especially by the way in which he picks and chooses his own path through these issues. Thus, to say that

> if people had waited till all despotisms were overthrown before they started being happy, or making and caring for beautiful things, there would never have been any happiness or any art,

is an evasion of the political question as it has presented itself to our times. And, say, to the time of Milton. There are despotisms which have to be resisted because they propose—as Hitler did—to abolish the place and means of culture altogether. I think Mr. Bloomfield sees this; but I wish he had not been so elusive and so vague. The kind of argument one conducts, thinking of the novel, for example, will be different from the argument which relies on lyric poetry, painting and music for its illustrations. For many the most interesting product of all the political talk of a better world has been the historical school of criticism; and it's often surprising the depth to which the great artists have been moved and influenced by the inner drama of their times. To the ordinary man life has no drama at all until it is pointed out to him—see the instinctive resistance to the dramas presented by Freud—and one is less inclined to approve of artists for reconsidering their ethical impulses, which they share with all men, than for re-orientating their sensibility and dramatic sense, in which the many are so slow and so weak.

Mr. Bloomfield is a discursive, hare-starting writer, and I am afraid of misrepresenting him; also of stressing his lapses into facetious bathos which I do not find at all charming. The good things he has to say are these: that if the artist is the servant of anyone, it is of society, not of the State. The artist marks that fissure between the individual and society which is the growing point of civilisation—not only the artist, however. There are all the rebels—he may be moved and attracted by the emotional and moral resources of the Many, but he must not be totally absorbed by the Many. He must preserve his singularity. The Many wish him to do so. They need him to do so. We know this because in some things we are of the Few; in others, ourselves are the Many. Mr. Bloomfield would put Blake against the State-idealists:

> He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars:
> General Good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite and flatterer.

There are two kinds of history running parallel: the history of conflicts and the history of those habits, beliefs and traditions which keep people alive and clinging together through the centuries, as the juggernauts cross and re-cross their path.

Simply, Mr. Bloomfield is a mild anarchist, a diluted but more limpid Herbert Read, pleading for the aristocracy of the private life—for sensibility as well as reform, for sagacity as well as progress, for simplicity as well as the overdressed social conscience. For the Many this is really far more of a problem than for the Few, for the Many have lost their folk culture. Here Mr. Bloomfield seems to hint at two possibilities: the political poet and artist will remain at the level of the popular bard or reporter. Or—but this is my suggestion—our present culture, like the old religions, will descend to the masses once the rulers of the new State have discarded it, as paganism descended and hung on for centuries. It is silly to talk in such a general way, but one does notice among the more energetic and intelligent working class, who are presumably the heirs to political power, a tendency to regard the problems of culture and the spirit, as the old Victorian manufacturers treated the problem of poverty, pain and social inequality: that is to say, as things which can be fobbed off by charity. It is agreed they can't be Planned—the magic word—but what on earth will happen in the future to the things that cannot be planned? Mr. Bloomfield's book ought to be taken up and argued at workers' meetings. It is simple, wily, epigrammatic; it has a rather deliberate charm; but it is humane and alive. V. S. PRITCHETT

TONIC MIXTURE

New Writing and Daylight. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Hogarth Press.* 8s. 6d.

The first combined number of *New Writing* and the short-lived *Daylight* is promising for the future. It was a wise decision of Mr. Lehmann's, some numbers back, to lift the original ban on criticism in his miscellanies; for the exigencies of the times have driven most readers back to older writers, and revaluation is possibly an easier way of keeping the faculties alive when parades, fatigues and tactical exercises cut up the concentrated leisure essential for inventive writing. Certainly, in this number, it is the critical essays which make the primary impact.

Mr. Edwin Muir, in the very suggestive first essay, opens the discussion of writing in our time several layers deeper than the popular "Writers in Wartime" level. "To the traditional man the individual's life is a conflict; to the natural man it is a development." The last fifty years have been lived in the transition from traditional to natural. Montherlant, the early Huxley and Hemingway observed the natural man on the stage, so to say, of "pure" development, looking neither before nor after, living on assumptions rather than beliefs. The assumption underlying all others—so that it has even become the popular assumption—has been that development both is implicit in existence and is necessarily good. If man was—as he patently was—frustrated in his individual development, this was the fault of environment. Order that, control that, and the channel to development would be thrust wide open. So the Natural passes over to the Political Man:

> As man is a creature with a natural development, entirely contained in his environment, all that is needed is to decide the terms within which he shall develop. Once these are settled by a sufficiently powerful group, men can be used with calculable accuracy.

Into this analysis Lawrence and Hemingway are particularly brilliantly fitted as recorders from their different standpoints of the transition.

Mr. Spender, using Baudelaire for his subject, continues his Defence of the Poetic function in an unpoetic age and sees "the creative forces waiting to become the forms around which a new literature and a new vision of life will integrate." Baudelaire, reacting to the stench of corruption running beneath the material achievements of his century, as a sewer runs beneath the smooth city paving stones, asserts the Poet as a saving link. "*Le poète* is simply Baudelaire himself, universalised into a figure representing all poetry; as such he is also the poet in other people repudiated like conscience, in their behaviour." But the fact, for Baudelaire, was the material success which dominated the age in which he lived, since to the majority of mankind success is irresistible, however much it costs, however much it corrupts. His difficulty was to assert the values in defiance of the success and in terms of the corruption. We, inheriting the rubble and the ruins of that prosperity, have a different and, just because of this, perhaps an easier task.

Miss Helen Gardner contributes a close and reasoned analysis of Mr. Eliot's later poems, helpful in quite an opposite way to Mr. Capetanakis' somewhat artless but still effective evocation of Rimbaud. Mr. Derek Hill writes of stage design in the U.S.S.R. with tempered enthusiasm, and Mr. Basil Wright traces the political policy behind recent Soviet films; while Mr. Lehmann winds up the critical section with a train-window survey of the first three years of war and the writing they have produced.

Among the stories *The Other German*, by Jiri Weiss, set in the Sudetenland in '38 and '39, seems to me the most effective, and the episode from a Greek novel by Cosmas Politis is tantalising. But I prefer the poems to the stories. The four poems by Roy Fuller are all good, and one, *Harbour Ferry*, especially memorable. Terence Tiller has a very considerable verbal gift and, if he still tends to overwork the epithet, especially the shocking epithet, his verse is muscled and alive. Mr. Capetanakis' four poems are smooth and pleasing; Lawrence Little's angular and sour; Miss Anne Ridler contributes a poem for a birthday. Finally there is the customary section of reporting, including the first section of a continuing *Miner's Record* by B. L. Coombes. Among the war reporting one welcomes a development beyond austerity—realism, a return to the overtones, particularly noticeable in Mr. Hillier's sharp little picture from the R.A.F.

Where in this—it might be asked, echoing Mr. Eliot of a decade back—where are the Eagles and the Trumpets? But, after all, in the fourth year of the last war contributions from the leading younger poets would have included Siegfried Sasoon's satires and Wilfred Owen's far from heroic poems. A fairer criticism might be where are the irony and the wit, qualities in which (apart from Isherwood) New Writers have always been curiously deficient. But if, as Mr. Lehmann's preface implies, the combination of *Daylight* and *New Writing* is to result in more frequent volumes, and if they remain on the very high level of this one, we shall be lucky and should be grateful.

T. C. WORSLEY

NOW

The Conquest of Time. By H. G. WELLS. Thinkers Library. *Watts.* 2s.

War and the Psychological Conditions of Peace. By WILLIAM BROWN. *Black.* 7s. 6d.

Here are two books, one analysing the psychological forces that produce war, the other ranging over spaces and times, and refusing to be tethered: I need hardly say which of the two books is by Mr. Wells.

No need, either, at this time of day, to congratulate Mr. Wells on being so wonderful. He knows it, we know it, and *The Conquest of Time* is only the first of a series of conquests—Distance, Power, Hunger being mentioned among early casualties. This little book of 86 pages is a re-writing of an earlier summing-up. "In 1908," begins Mr. Wells, "when I was still mentally adolescent, I wrote a book called *First and Last Things*"; and the adolescent of forty has become the grand young man of seventy. He *won't* be stuck down. Is there a war on? Have the First and Last Things been interrupted by Things to Come? Well, in a sense. But the universe has expanded a lot lately, and Mr. Wells with it; the Now is no longer a pin-point, on which Nazis can be seen dancing, but as large as you like to make it, a row of pin-points extending back and forth over times when the only present is the realisation of Mr. Wells' new world.

> The gradual convergence of all lives upon a common existence, when the body is cast aside like a garment, and when past and present have a steadily diminishing significance. . . . This assertion of approaching victory for humanity, this ending of the Martyrdom of Man, may sound strange to many of those who are suffering from the acute distress of this present age. But it is precisely because they are still enslaved by Time that they fail to realise that, not in any sort of metaphor, but in actuality and reality, past and future are dissolving into an ever-expanding Now.

In the ever-expanding Now man loses his fear of death, casts aside fear altogether, gathers in the future, becomes serene, godless, contemplative, free from the tyranny of sex and individualism, and evil is banished from the world like pain. Moreover, he will be able to travel at 1,000 miles per hour. He is called by Mr. Wells the After-

An Unknown Land

VISCOUNT SAMUEL

A contribution to the debate on the fundamental problems of our troubled age, cast in the form of a Utopia. It describes a society which has coped successfully with those moral and economic issues which disturb our civilization; and has done so on the basis of philosphic, religious and scientific ideas that may help in the solution of our own controversies. "A pleasant picture of a Socialist State . . . crammed with ideas and refreshing in its naive optimism."—*Reynolds News*

12s 6d net

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

New long novel by the author of "Cactus" and many other best-sellers

ETHEL MANNIN

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT

The brilliant story of a man's search for spiritual integration set against the background of the "bread or blood" riots of the agrarian revolution during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century.

Ready Thursday. 9/6

Order your copy NOW

JARROLDS · LONDON LTD.

ANGELA THIRKELL'S Marling Hall

'Immensely readable, intensely witty and of reasonable length. In my opinion, Mrs. Thirkell puts our more portentous novelists to bed.'

JAMES AGATE (*Daily Express*)

2nd large printing

8s. 6d. net

HAMISH HAMILTON Ltd

THE GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

FLYING OFFICER X

'It can now be told that Flying Officer X is the famous British fiction writer, H. E. Bates. In these short stories a master of the English language and an expert in the British idiom has expressed that spirit for which words have been so inadequate, and which can be expressed only by an artist in the English language—the spirit and character of the R.A.F. in action. . . . Bates lived alongside the bomber boys who so rarely 'shoot a line'. He recognises how they feel, how they speak, and, with proper humility and feeling, he reveals them in action. He writes fiction, but it contains the fundamental truth of it all: the wisdom, the sorrow, the anguish, and, above all, the joy.' *News Chronicle*

[2s net]

JONATHAN CAPE LIMITED

Man. He is almost here already. "Intellectually," says Mr. Wells, "the classless society has arrived." If only it had! Unfortunately, one can't help looking out of the window or hearing the six o'clock news, even when one is engrossed in a new book by Mr. Wells.

"But," he would insist, "it has arrived in me, in Pavlov, in Huxley, and even—this is stretching a point—in *you*."

S: "Do you think so? Well! But after reading your book I'm still afraid of death, sex-ridden, aware of evil, and can't see to the end of this war you brush aside. And what about Churchill now?"

W: "Politicians! Politicians and priests! How can anyone meeting them not feel his own superiority?"

S: "*You* may, Mr. Wells, but then you always have. Didn't you write a long while ago that as a young man walking down the street you used to have the sensation of being three feet taller than anyone else? That's very pleasant for you. And you wouldn't write so well if you didn't feel it still. But you imagine a world in which everyone will have grown those three extra feet. Can they do it? I doubt it. I doubt, for one thing, whether I can."

W: "You could. You won't try. You just won't believe."

S: "But, Mr. Wells, why should I believe you, any more than you believe the Christians? Most of your 'facts' about Time, the World-Brain, the After-Man, the Classless Present, are only metaphors. Some of them I should like to believe in, others not. The trouble is, I'm afraid, my Now isn't nearly elastic enough."

W: "You can't see beyond your nose, then?"

S: "That's so. Hellish dark and smells of cheese."

Now, I'm not making fun of Mr. Wells, at least I hope not. No other living writer has stimulated his readers in so many different ways. He endeared the Little Man long before newspapers got the idea, and ran it as a stunt; he has written thrillers that echoed through space, social novels that seem in memory, less books one has read than a part of the years one has lived through; he has prophesied and jabbed and jabbered and worried; his *Science of Life* seems to me one of the important books of our time; he has picked his bone with Henry James, pulled his crow with Belloc; and now comes the After-Man, in a little book described as "the final fruits of his philosophic thought." *The Conquest of Time* contains what appears to be entertaining flim-flam about Time, some noble and careless passages on man and human possibility, an acute attack on Christianity, and a moving statement of Mr. Wells's own faith in biological science. That is to say it is Mr. Wells at his most brilliant and sketchiest. But final thoughts? No, no. He could never have any. In ten years' time he will be summing up again, and even if Europe should be a crawling cemetery, Mr. Wells will dazzle those who are left of us with his blueprint of the Now.

Dr. William Brown binds himself closely to the present. It must be admitted that Mr. Wells is larger, more exciting to read, but *War and the Psychological Conditions of Peace* (an enlargement of the author's *War and Peace*, 1939) is an interesting book. Dr. Brown analyses the attitudes of countries and individuals towards war, stresses the importance of unconscious impulses, knows both the English and the German mind intimately, has had special experience of "nerve cases" in the army, is Liberal in politics, contributes weighty letters to *The Times*. He supported Chamberlain during the Munich period, and looks forward to some sort of Federation in the future: this line of thought is reasonably and convincingly traced. What he has to say may not seem for the most part startling, but it is stated with an exactness rare in political and social comment. Instead of calling Hitler, for example, a paranoiac, Dr. Brown describes him as a paranoid with (what is rare) hysterical tendencies; and explains precisely what is meant by these terms. This exactness and the patience with which Dr. Brown has studied his material (he has waded through *Mein Kampf* no less than five times) make the book valuable. Land-surveying by Dr. Brown, rockets and stratosphere flying from Mr. Wells.

G. W. STONIER

"THE LAST OF THE ROMANS"

John Philip Kemble: The Actor in His Theatre. By HERSCHEL BAKER. *Oxford University Press.* 22s. 6d.

Mr. Herschel Baker's study of the most majestic of eighteenth-century actors has the merit of a very painstaking documentation. He has consulted contemporary newspapers in the British Museum, letters in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, the admirable Harvard Theatre Collection, the Larpent Collection in the Huntington Library. He has rediscovered John Philip Kemble's unpublished Diary; searched the ledgers and account books of Covent Garden. He has even read the flat, declamatory plays and the foolish "fugitive pieces" composed or adapted by Kemble in his literary leisure. Such industry must be respected.

And yet what chiefly interests us in a famous actor, long dead, is his acting; and obviously Mr. Baker can exhume that only by reference to the descriptions of admirers in an age of fine dramatic criticism, as well as of great acting. Why has not Mr. Baker quoted more freely from them? With remarkable agreement they found an epithet for Kemble: he was "Roman."

Boaden, the Boswell of the green-room, always indispensable, since he shuffled, stagestruck, after Kemble's stately strides, puts "the Noble Roman" on the title pages of his two volumes of 1825. Leigh Hunt, in his *Autobiography*, severest of Kemble's critics, says that the tragedian "had the look of a Roman." "He presented the stateliest picture of Roman greatness," said the *New Monthly Magazine* after Kemble's death. So nearly all the others. They added "lofty, dignified." Some of them said "stiff" or "statuesque"; while even the reverential Boaden speaks of acting "somewhat scholastic and systematic." And John Philip turns almost into a caricature of himself in the absurd lines where Thomas Campbell laments that Kemble's spirit was "fair as some classic dome, robust and richly graced." One ought to add that Charles Lamb slightly corrects the pompous impression by alluding to Kemble's perfect delivery of brilliant dialogue. But what dialogue? The stylised, artificial dialogue of Congreve. Even his greater sister, the glorious Siddons, criticised her brother's deliberateness, his self-consciousness in the display of his garments. And B. R. Haydon revealingly remarks that Kemble "came into a part as if he disdained to listen to Nature until he had examined and weighed her claims."

At moments Mr. Baker seems to be bent on damaging this noble statue by insisting upon its bibulous habits off the stage. Is it not an exaggeration to write of the "gargantuan excesses" of a walking classic? With Kemble they were never so publicly disgraceful as the incessant potations of his rival, George Frederick Cooke, of whom audiences never knew whether he would stalk or lurch upon a stage kept waiting by his orgies. In these private passages Kemble passes from Cato to Trimalchio. But it may have been good for him occasionally to unbend over his cups. His regrettable assault upon a fair actress in her dressing-room was an untidy blot on a

Ready October 12

JAMES ALDRIDGE

his epic novel of the R.A.F. in Greece and Crete

SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR

'Aldridge is a born writer; he is the Hemingway of the air, and in the fine emotional splendour of his story he does not strike a false or jarring note.'
—ADVANCE OPINION

Book Society Recommend

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Just Published

TOWN PLANNING and ROAD TRAFFIC

By

H. ALKER TRIPP, C.B.E.

Foreword by
Prof. PATRICK ABERCROMBIE.
34 illus. with folding plate. 10s. *net*

Modern road traffic is one of the most formidable factors which condition the task of the town planner. This book conveys the demands which road traffic must make upon the planning of post-war Britain.

Descriptive leaflet from

EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.
LONDON: 41 & 43 MADDOX ST., W.1

About Your Books

You will need an efficient library service this winter.

Write for details of our ordinary service which supplies all the same books as the Guaranteed *at about half the cost.*

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
The Times Book Co., Ltd.
42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

The MARCH of TIME *Series*

Best shillingsworth on the bookstalls, these Picture Stories based on the famous films offer fine photos and informative reading. Latest titles:

CANADA
and The War

by Lady Tweedsmuir. Survey of Canada's amazing resources for her war effort. Her growing Armed Forces.

Men of
NORWAY

by a Norwegian Journalist. Exciting story of the author's escape. For obvious reasons his name cannot be given. Vivid picture of the fight against the Quislings.

EACH 1s. NET

PILOT PRESS LTD.

conscientious managerial record. But that, too, may have been Roman. These were Tarquin's lavishing strides. Apart from such excesses and lapses, Kemble was eminently the aristocrat of the stage. He appealed especially to the quality, to the high society, of his time, and one may suspect that the fierce hubbub of the famous Old Price riots—faced with immense courage by this very courageous man—may have been partly prompted by a venom of social indignation, as a levellers' revolt against the exalted player who was once a stroller and was now a great gentlemen or a toady. . . . At any rate, the great folk recognised their equal; and when Boaden gives us his account of the retired actor's last days and death in Lausanne, he does not forget to mention that the English "had no parties" during that mournful week, and that "one foreign lady of fashion put off a splendid assembly on account of Mr. Kemble's decease."

A negative, sacrificial gesture that would have impressed the noblest Roman could he have anticipated it on his deathbed or funeral pyre.

RICHARD JENNINGS

THE P.E.N. SHELTER

Thomas Hardy, by HENRY NEVINSON; **Magic Casements,** by ELEANOR FARJEON; **Orpheus in Quebec,** by J. G. SIME; **The End of This War,** by STORM JAMESON; **Etching of a Tormented Age,** by HSIAO CH'IEN; **The Mechanised Muse,** by MARGARET KENNEDY; **Critical Thoughts in Critical Days,** by F. L. LUCAS; **The Unacknowledged Legislator,** by BONAMY DOBRÉE. P.E.N. Books. *Allen and Unwin.* 2*s.* each.

Let us suppose—as Mr. Bonamy Dobrée supposes in his P.E.N. booklet—that there is a group of people meeting in an air-raid shelter during a blitz. They are rather an exceptional gathering, even more so than Mr. Dobrée's surprisingly well-read, intelligent and eloquent A.R.P. workers. They consist, in short, of the authors of these little books, gathered round me, some of whose shrill voices—F. L. Lucas's the shrillest—are still in my ears.

First of all, during their long night of the blitz, they fall, as writers will do, to telling us about other writers they have known. They talk about the dead—the writers one need not feel jealous about—so the shrill note does not at first enter their voices. Mr. Nevinson—it is so easy to imagine him being alive—talks about Thomas Hardy. He does so with the gracious gentleness of one who really idolises "the great," who is a pilgrim to the haunts where poets conceived their poems. He thinks of Hardy as pre-eminently a novelist rather than a poet (reminding us that this was what Hardy's near-contemporaries thought), and he talks better of the novels than the poems. He is slightly naïve about poetry, in fact, until he bumps up against *The Dynasts*, concerning which he is really magnificent. Much-travelled, knightly, courageous journalist that he is, he finds united in *The Dynasts* the greatness of theme and of scene which he admires.

He is followed by Miss Farjeon. But there is a note of anxiety already in her voice. She belongs to another generation. Should the fairies in children's stories have their wings dyed a Communist red? she asks herself anxiously. No, she says, there must be golden dust and evergreen pastures. The other writers in the P.E.N. shelter stir uneasily when she says this, I think, much as if they had heard the swish of a heavy bomb. For every writer suffers from a wish to justify himself in front of a reader who is completely out of sympathy with him. "Be political." "Write about the workers in the back streets." "Write about the unchanging climate of the stars." "Open wide the magic casements." "Shut them tight and look at the dust on the mantelpiece." These voices from a Pandora's Box whisper round the shelter.

Fortunately, Miss Farjeon gets on to D. H. Lawrence, as ever the most embarrassing, and yet one of the most interesting, of subjects on a lady's tongue. The tale of far wonders is now taken up by the Canadian accent of Mr. Sime. Mr. Sime has a vision in his mind: a great Canadian literature. As he goes on charmingly to describe Quebec, to foreshadow a Canadian Burns, with Scotch ancestry, and a little negro blood in his veins, the eyes of the other writers gleam; they are thinking: "Why wait, Mr. Sime? Why not go on right ahead and write a great Canadian epic?"

After Mr. Sime's innocent Canada, Hollywood seems a further call than even the war across the Atlantic. Still, nothing could be more welcome than to hear Miss Kennedy, chatty, intelligent, informative and entertaining, on the artistic problems suggested by the Talkie.

Yet what could be more unreal, more remote from the war, than this up-to-date celluloid and sound-track entertainment? It is as well that Miss Storm Jameson reminds us of what we are fighting for and the necessity of making up our minds about Germany. If there are pacifists in the P.E.N. Club, she disposes of them with unanswerable arguments. And as for the naughty writers who have gone to America, she does not stoop to argue with them, she simply turns her back with a remark that must take them straight to the nursery and nanny: "Nothing can justly be said about them except that they are not worth saving." And she goes on to add surely the most dreaded of Nanny's sarcasms: "I don't condemn: I have enough to do judging myself." This is worse even than God: who does at least concede that those who are not saved are judged. A shudder goes round the P.E.N. shelter, of relief and self-righteousness as all the good writers thank Churchill and Marx that they are on the right side of the fence and haven't yet incurred the war-cry of a writer pursuing her kind. What a relief, though, when Miss Jameson brings her genuine broad humanity, culture and tolerance to bear on the Germans, who, unlike Auden, Isherwood and Bates (Ralph), she thinks can and should be saved. There's something very like my prep. school in that "Bates (Ralph)." I imagine all the Bateses in the P.E.N. Club trembling and then a sigh going round the room when the "(Ralph)" follows.

Very appropriately we now have Mr. Hsiao Chi'en telling us what contemporary Chinese writers are doing. It seems that they are united in putting a modern national struggle into the modern language of a people who have been brought up to think of literature as esoteric. Mr. Chi'en gives us an impression of great activity in Chinese literature, and also of the complete overthrow of past standards in an attempt to be contemporary both in the use of the vernacular, and in interpreting modern conditions. There is an assumption in everything he says that these aims are right, and little attempt to defend Chinese authors from the accusation that in writing about the war with Japan, they are neglecting the eternal verities. While Miss Farjeon defends golden dust against pink banners, and Miss Jameson plunges into a straightforward political argument, and Mr. F. L. Lucas is already reverberating with the surge and thunder of Homer, the clean and straightforward assumptions of Mr. Chi'en come as something of a surprise. But Mr. Dobrée restores to us the sense of all our difficulties: "At our warden's post round the corner," he tells us, "we've been discussing politics and literature. Should literature be political? Should it be moral? Should writers be good?" These disturbing questions echo through the night.

9 till 6

A cynic has said that the difference between business and burglary is only a matter of hours.

Burglary in England appears to be confined legally to night time, 'night' being fixed by statute as from 9 p.m to 6 a.m.

Goss sees no better way of explaining the charges he must make for Goss Tailoring in wartime, hastening to add that his hours are a.m. to p.m.!

P.S.—Goss still manages to make some pretty good clothes for men.

A Goss suit or overcoat of the best materials costs from Ten to Fourteen Guineas. All prices plus Purchase Tax.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring
35 Sackville Street,
Piccadilly, W.1 *Regent* 3329

THE PRICE OF DELAY
by R. Palme Dutt

DEEDS—NOT WORDS
by Harry Pollitt

THE SITUATION IN U.S.A.
Cable from Bruce Minton

SOLDIERS' PAY & THE 2nd FRONT
by Gunner X-Ray

INDIA MUST BE FREED
by Ben Bradley

BLACKPOOL T.U.C. & AFTER
by J. R. Campbell

HOW THE BAN WAS LIFTED
by William Rust

CEUX DE VALMY 1792-1842
by Allen Hutt

BOOK REVIEWS

October 6d.
LABOUR MONTHLY

YOUR MIND AND HOW TO USE IT

By W. J. Ennever. 5/6
A complete course of self-instruction by W. J. Ennever, the founder of Fahmanism, in association with T. Sharper Knowlson. Deals with all essential mental needs: concentration, memory, self-confidence, fears, inferiority feelings, will-power, imagination, personality. It offers a plan by world-famous experts for developing a trained mind at a fraction of the usual cost.

MEMORY EFFICIENCY AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT
By J. Louis Orton. 4/6
This book tells how to acquire a photographic memory. In mastering its contents, doubt, indecision, and fear disappear. Inferiority complex is conquered by a confidence based upon the firm foundation of a well-trained mind.

HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE
By Jas. C. Thomson. 4/-
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained in this new book.

KNOW THY BODY: The Wonders Within Us
By Medicus, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. 5/6
The most entertaining psychological work ever written. This book explains the working of every human organ. You will understand yourself the better by reading this popular work.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES
By H. Benjamin. 4/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers. Mentioned by the "Brains Trust" in a recent broadcast.

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR
By J. C. Thomson. 1/6
Giving details of home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.

Prices include postage. Obtainable through your Booksellers or direct from:

THORSON'S, *Publishers*,
Dept. 189, 91, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue available on request.

TORQUEMADA
(POWYS MATHERS)

112
BEST
CROSSWORD
PUZZLES

"If there was a 'Crossword King' it was Torquemada."
—*Manchester Evening News.*

With 3 Biographical Notes of the man, the poet, and the translator.

Portrait.

390 pp.

Of all Booksellers 9/-.

THE PUSHKIN PRESS

There is an uneasy feeling in the air that, as a last resort, writers might have to be good.

But Mr. F. L. Lucas lifts up his head and weaves a spell out of the past. Me and Homer, he says, me and the Greeks, me and Montaigne. Silent, we see, as through a telescope, Mr. F. L. Lucas, alone, astride a peak of Darien. There is point in doing so: we want to accompany him. Then he explains his distaste for Wordsworth: "It is like eating an apple in woollen gloves," and "The ecstasies of Shelley were always unbearable," and "as for the metaphysical mopings of the Amiels and Sénancours, Cloughs and Arnolds . . ." he feels for them as did Johnson "about poor Bozzy's venturing into the same intense inane." He goes on to attack the writers of "advanced literature" who "could swallow any cheapness or charlatanism or cruelty, provided they were slick, or amusing, or simply pretentious enough to dupe the snob." I think that here the other writers must smile a little wanly, remembering that some of "the parlour Communists with boy-scout day-dreams" were killed in Spain and that Mr. Lucas was not the only writer who disapproved of Munich. Still I do not think that they need take him very seriously. For they must know what happened to little Jack Horner when he grew up. He stopped pulling out plums from pies. Instead he confined himself to saying how wonderful plums used to be in the past, and how bad they were in the present. But the moral of the story remained the same, ringing through Cambridge: "What a good boy am I!"

STEPHEN SPENDER

Horizon. September. 1s. 6d.

No aperitive comment by the editor to give us an appetite, but a varied meal. Dennis Routh, basing his views on an American sociologist called James Burnham, wants and expects a "managerial" revolution, in which the salaried executives of the present will become the ruling class. One faces the wintry prospect without exaltation. Miss Alyse Gregory writes sympathetically on Benjamin Constant; Mr. Gerald Abraham qualifies his appreciation of Shostakovitch with severe comments on the "Socialist realism" so unhappily demanded of him by the Soviet press. Miss Diana Gardner is lively in satire, Miss Jane Moore has a charming poem, reminiscent of Rupert Brooke through a common debt to Marvell, Miss Kathleen Raine is severely and successfully discriminating on Stephen Spender's writings, and Mr. Cecil Beaton's photographs of desert warfare are quite admirable.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BRAHMS: *Double Concerto, op.* 102. Heifetz and Feuermann, with Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy (H.M.V. DB8929–32).

SHOSTAKOVITCH: *5th Symphony, op.* 47. Philadelphia Orch., cond. Stokowski (H.M.V. DB8933–8).

BIZET: *L'Arlésienne Suite No.* 1. Hallé Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1085–7).

VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS: "*The Wasps*" *Overture.* Hallé Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1088).

STRAUSS (JOHANN): "Vienna Blood" and "Voices of Spring." Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy (H.M.V. DB5963).

SCHUBERT: *String Quartet in D minor* (*op. Posth.*) Philharmonia Quartet. (Col. DX8181–4).

BRAHMS: *Variations for Piano on a Theme by Handel.* Solomon. (H.M.V. C7563–5).

CHOPIN: *Ballade in G minor.* Eileen Joyce (Col. DX1084).

RESPIGHI } *Siciliana*—*16th Century Lute Air*, and
PARADIES } *Toccata.* Kathleen Long (Decca M517).

FAURE: *Les Roses d'Ispahan*, and *Soir.* (H.M.V. DA1819).

HAHN: *L'Heure Exquise*, and *Offrande.* (H.M.V. DA1821). Maggie Teyte, acc. Gerald Moore.

It may be worth recalling that Brahms, when he composed his Double Concerto, was twice the age of Shostakovitch, when he composed his Fifth Symphony; for it is years, not differences of temperament, which triumph over the difficulties of symphonic form. The Double Concerto is a well-nigh perfect composition (whether you like it or not is another matter): the blending of the solo instruments, their interweaving and imitation of each other, are exquisitely right; the emotion is serene and beautifully sustained. This performance must—on the spot—have been most memorable, for the soloists were obviously on top of their form and in full possession of the music. But, alas, the recording has the usual American faults, of rowdiness and stridency; it is not especially bad, but bad enough to make one feel that a grand occasion has been to some extent spoiled.

Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony has the faults of youth—faults which the composer ought, but does not seem, to be outgrowing by now. It is by turns grandiose, cheaply sarcastic, verbose, loose, obscure and commonplace: in short, an infuriating, but not a negligible work. I see that my learned friend and colleague, Mr. Gerald Abraham, has just dismissed this symphony with obloquy; but I do not feel inclined to follow him all the way in this. True, the outlines of the construction are blurred, as they are in Sir Arnold Bax's symphonies (Shostakovitch is in more than one respect the Bax of Russia); the programme hinders the development of the music without inspiring it; the progressions have a low standard of inevitability; and the coda of the First is frankly dreadful. Again, Shostakovitch's themes are often beautiful; but it is the beauty of a gesture never that of a face. This music is in fact deprived of tenderness at any point; and that, I think, in so large a work, is a reproach. In knuckling under to the league of Soviet composers Shostakovitch committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, for the communal emotions are obviously not in his line. He has a prodigious musical intelligence and considerable inventive power; but he is clearly an individualist—that is why the most successful movement in this symphony is the Largo, a nocturne full of a spacious introspective melancholy, which goes far to redeem the whole work. The performance and recording are really magnificent; everyone interested in contemporary music should invest in this set, for in spite of its many faults, this symphony has real qualities of beauty and fascination.

Bizet's *L'Arlésienne* attempts less than Shostakovitch, and with complete success. It is really extraordinary how often we can hear this music without tiring of it: its obviousness is most deceptive. Even the sentimentality of the Adagietto, being Latin rather than German, is inoffensive. This is not a very fiery performance, but the recording is excellent.

In *The Wasps*, again, I do not hear much improvement on the old Decca recording, which was very good. But this juicy, very French piece can afford to be repeated. On the other hand I find something slightly phoney about Ormandy's Strauss. It is not only that the recording is tinny to a degree; but the grace and expressiveness of the melodic line, which makes these waltzes so immeasurably superior to modern dance music, does not seem to come naturally either to the orchestra or to the conductor.

The "Death and the Maiden" Quartet of Schubert is not, I believe, a work for every day in the year; deeply as I love it, I have found myself unwilling to listen to it for months at a time. And then suddenly a craving for it arises, as for a peculiar foodstuff. Only great music acts like this; the first movement of this quartet is symphonic in feeling and construction, and there is hardly a dull sequence in the whole work. It is a melancholy thought that Schubert is ultimately responsible for works like Shostakovitch No. 5. Nevertheless, I can warmly recommend the new issue, in which the Philharmonia give an arrestingly fine performance.

The Brahms-Handel Variations are one of the most impeccable works of its kind in existence—as impeccable indeed as the Double Concerto. A modern taste on the whole, I think, prefers fewer and more

Since supplies are restricted, a little Parke-Davis shaving cream has to go a long way...

WHAT A GOOD THING IT IS THAT A LITTLE PARKE-DAVIS DOES GO A LONG WAY!

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

X marks the Victim!

Do you realise that one out of every seven of the people you see around you is liable, one day, to become a victim of cancer? Do you know that every year over 70,000 people die as a result of this dread disease? At The Royal Cancer Hospital is a group of workers who do not consider that such things are inevitable. But without your help they cannot continue. Please help by sending a gift.

The Royal Cancer Hospital (FREE)

FULHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.3

Your Will

The appointment of the Westminster Bank as Executor or Trustee ensures immunity from the expense and trouble which arise from the necessity of appointing new Trustees by reason of death or other cause.

By a simple codicil the Bank can be appointed in substitution for, or in addition to the Executors or Trustees already nominated in a Will.

A booklet giving conditions of appointment may be obtained at any branch or from

Westminster Bank LIMITED

Head Office: 41 Lothbury, E.C.2

Working longer hours?

Meet the added demand upon energy with nourishing HOVIS. It is rich in protein and fat and provides vitamins for building bodily tissues. When strength is taxed through longer hours...

Make it up with

HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

borate variations; some of these seem hardly orth the trouble (one finds the same fault in Dvorak's atming symphonic variations); but the exploration the theme is exhaustive and masterly. This is a y beautiful set indeed: I cannot imagine a better rformance.

I can easily imagine a rendering of Chopin's First llade which would give me more pleasure than iss Joyce's. This is a most eccentric interpretation. he piece should be instinct with romantic warmth: will, indeed, bear a certain amount of over-playing. stead, Miss Joyce employs a slow tempo and a ccid rhythm; whether the insufficiency of ss is due to her or to the recording, I wouldn't ow.

Miss Kathleen Long's latest record is, as usual, a odel of delicacy and refinement. Respighi's tranription shows him at his most devilishly clever; is charming to listen to.

Amateurs of French music and of Miss Teyte are ke urged to buy the two last discs on my list. The o Fauré songs show just how dexterously this mposer can skim the cream off an emotion. *L'Heure xquise* and *Offrande* are Hahn at his best. It is a istake to be snooty about this composer: he s a genuine gift for lyricism and a technique mirably adapted to his ends—an enviable mbination.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 661

et by **Roger Marvell**

One hopes that the fiftieth anniversary of ennyson's death (Oct. 6) will excite some of our ets to an act of homage. The usual prizes are ffered for not more than 16 lines from such a ibute in the style of any living English poet.

ULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number f the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and hould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great urnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor y first post on Monday, October 12th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves he right to print in part or as a whole any matter nt in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. annot be returned. When no entries reach the quired standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 658

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A stylist reveals his style even in telegrams. The usual prizes are offered for an exchange of telegrams over a dinner engagement between any of the following pairs (all-in-limit 200 words): Henry James and Hemingway; Auden and Browning; Walter Pater and James Hadley Chase; Sir Thomas Browne and Evelyn Waugh; Sterne and Stein; Gibbon and D. H. Lawrence; Wilde and Dr. Buchman; Harriet Wilson and T. S. Eliot; Whitman and Sir Max Beerbohm; Proust and Rochefoucauld.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

This competition was originally suggested by the setter's coming across, among the letters of Harry James, a telegram of some two hundred words, characteristic in style, inviting his architect to pay a visit of inspection after the fire at Lamb House. But the competition as finally set evoked less response than I had hoped. It is axiomatic—so large is the general entry and so high the usual level—that unpopularity is the setter's fault. But it is sometimes difficult to foresee. This, for instance, had all the appearance of promise: competitors are usually at their best in parody or imitation: "telegraphase" seemed to add the necessary pinch of novelty, the diverse characteristics of the pairs the necessary pinch of absurdity.

I hesitate to hint that the competition may have been too difficult, but it was noticeable that most competitors hit off one or other of their chosen pair, but failed with the second. Thus Leslie Johnson's Henry James was beautifully in character, but his Hemingway simply film-gangster American. D. W. Barker gave a passable piece of Browning, but his Audén was unrecognisable. There were several good Buchmans (notably from Wizz and Stanley J. Sharpless and Allan Laing), but Wilde in the telegraph system seemed to lose his sparkle. James and Hemingway were the most popular pair; Buchman and Wilde and Auden and Browning were the second choice while there was only one competitor each for Chase and Pater, Sterne and Stein (the Stein so much better than the Sterne), and Whitman and Max. The others were not attempted. As amusing extracts I quote from Stanley J. Sharpless's exchange between Auden and Browning:

Query bourgeois shirt affair stop can Isherwood come too Arden.

Heavens no good lord yes Browning.

And from Sir Robert Witt's Wilde and Buchman:

May I bring valet Wilde.

All sinners welcome in our eyes master and servant alike he would take meals with butler Buchman.

Finally, I picked out Leslie Johnson for a James; he is awarded First Prize. The second is divided between F. C. C. for a Whitman, and Wizz for a Buchman. The Hemingway, "Max," and Wilde were less good.

EXCHANGE OF TELEGRAMS.

Arranging get swell guest for big literary dinner can you make it fortnight today Hemingway.

You have sufficiently nearly indicated when modesty allows only possibly why but not at all where James.

Im a bonehead stop Metropolitan Hotel here Hemingway.

Do not wish to stop at hotel James.

Take it easy stop means full stop no other way telegraphing punctuation dinner at Metropolitan Hotel Hemingway.

I see I really think I see then my exquisitely placed commas all expire en route fear unable accept honour living as I so remotely rurally do James.

Will it help any if you stay at my joint Hemingway.

Offer too kind but cannot youll grasp disregard conventions James.

Conventions hell whats biting you Hemingway.

Have bluntly to ask are you not single lady James.

Listen Im no dame who pulled that one over on you Hemingway.

Another James one Agate in book Thursdays and Fridays suggests Hemingway by referring in novel to sharpening wickets for cricket matches makes gaffe as who should say of most howling and discloses essentially spinsterish ignorance James.

Baseballs my game say are you on Hemingway.

O as I believe expression is K James.

(LESLIE JOHNSON)

Max Britain Salud Max from self-named Maximilian old absent convive Walt Mississippi bottled water follows exquise universal beverage bearing handclasps hoary camarado humorist.

Whitman Camden New Jersey USA Thank you exceedingly affected good wishes dinner quite different without you Beerbohm. (F. C. C.)

Request your company dinner hotel Enormous W1 18th inst stop seven for grace seven thirty stop mutual publicity possibilities stop changed life not obligatory stop Peter Bunny eager make acquaintance stop absolute austerity stop copyright reserved all epigrams stop advisable bring soiled linen for public wash stop strength through exchange stop reply paid please stop from Buchman.

Cannot accept stop have married a wife stop I go to reprove her stop from Wilde.

The Greatest Offer ever made to NEW WRITERS

If you are interested in writing as a profitable hobby, take advantage of the unparalleled offer now made by the Regent Institute to supply for one shilling only the first lesson of its two highly successful postal courses in Article and short story writing, together with interesting prospectus, "How to Succeed as a Writer." Don't miss this exceptional opportunity. No obligation.—THE REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191X), Palace Gate, London, W.8

London University MATRICULATION

Inter. & Degree Exams.

U.C.C., founded 1887, has successfully prepared many thousands of students for the above. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Highly qualified resident tutors. Low fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure.

● PROSPECTUS from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

70, Burlington House, Cambridge

INTRODUCING THE WESTERN SOCIALIST

The Official Publication of the Workers Socialist Party (U.S.A.) and The Socialist Party of Canada. Journal of Scientific Socialism in the Western Hemisphere. Published in Boston, Mass.

For Full Information and Free Specimen Copy (limited number only available) write—

THE SOCIALIST PARTY (ADV. C'TEE)

33 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

CURICONES for Rheumatism

AND ALL SIMILAR AFFECTIONS. USED BY OVER 7000 DOCTORS

PURELY PERSONAL

RECOGNITION TEST. Look for the King on the Band and you'll plainly recognise King Six as a fine Cigar. And for only 10½*d.* there's no finer smoke!

Typing, and Literary

ALL kinds of typing undertaken. A. C. EDYE, 3 Carroll Avenue, Merrow. Telephone: Guildford 3894.

CAVENDISH Typewriting Bureau, 13 Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. Prompt and accurate copying of letters and literary, technical, professional, foreign papers. Dictation at office by appointment. MAYfair 2772.

TYPING. Novels, plays, technical, accounts etc. Shthnd. Duplicat. MISS RICHMOND, 2 Woodland Gardens, Muswell Hill, N 10.

DUPLICATING and Typing. Efficiency Letter Service, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Holborn 0158 (same building as *New Statesman*)

SYBIL Rang. Long experience, mod. terms. Temp or part-time secretarial work. 17 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Ham. 3854.

WANTED, Gides' "Journal," "Si le Grain ne Meurt," "Les Faux Monnayeurs." Box G58.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA Britannica to sell? Heffer's of Cambridge will gladly offer for any sets of 11th or later editions you wish to sell. Good books of every kind bought for cash. Send particulars to W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD. Booksellers, Cambridge.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time.—The ideal wartime hobby. Send 4*d.* for informative prospectus and "Subjects that Sell To-day." Regent Institute (191Q), Palace Gate, W.8.

OLD-ESTABLISHED publishers, recently completely reorganised on progressive lines, invite manuscripts of a general character. No fiction or juvenile. Box F38.

WILL our children say "Oh, yeah" to Freedom from Fear and Want? Read Federal Union's new political proposals, "Federation Target for To-morrow." 4*d.*, bookstalls, or 5*d.* post free. 3 Gower St., W.C.1.

"RETURN to Reason," by Geoffrey Bourne. A plea for the education of politicians. "A very sane, well-written, and most timely book."—H. G. Wells. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* Hutchinsons.

WHEN YOU FEEL TIRED & LANGUID

TAKE 2 TABLETS OF Phensic

THE BEST PICK-ME-UP

Read what people are saying!

"Two of your wonderful Phensic tablets give me instant relief and bouncing energy."—Mrs. M. D., Swansea.

"Phensic tablets are a very valuable part of my kit."

A member of the R.A.F.

If you have never tried Phensic—DO SO NOW: It is just the "pick-me-up" you need when you are feeling "off." And remember, it is wonderful for stopping nerve or muscular pain. 1/4, 2/3, including Purchase Tax.

Phensic

PHENSIC A PEN-ELE DOESN'T HARM HEART

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF